

# COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. X.—No. 256. [ REGISTERED AT THE  
G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER. ]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30th, 1901.

[ PRICE SIXPENCE.  
BY POST, 6½d. ]



LAFAYETTE.

THE COUNTESS OF STRADBROKE.

179, New Bond Street.



THE Journal for all interested in  
Country Life and Country Pursuits

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
<i>Our Portrait Illustrations: The Countess of Stradbroke; Children of the Countess of Stradbroke</i> ... ..	673, 674, 698
<i>The War, Some Germans, and Mr. Chamberlain</i> ... ..	674
<i>Country Notes</i> ... ..	675
<i>The Childwick Shires. (Illustrated)</i> ... ..	677
<i>Towering Birds</i> ... ..	679
<i>W. E. Henley, Poet and Man</i> ... ..	680
<i>Chimneys. (Illustrated)</i> ... ..	681
<i>A Fair in Old England. (Illustrated)</i> ... ..	683
<i>Wing Sen's Success. A Tale that Might be True. (Illustrated)</i> ... ..	685
<i>Things About Our Neighbourhood.—III.</i> ... ..	687
<i>Garaens Old and New: Brokenhurst Park.—II. (Illustrated)</i> ... ..	688
<i>In the Garden. (Illustrated)</i> ... ..	693
<i>Wykehamists' Beer. The Brew-house at Winchester College. (Illustrated)</i> ... ..	695
<i>A Book of the Day</i> ... ..	697
<i>Wild Country Life</i> ... ..	699
<i>On the Green</i> ... ..	699
<i>Where 'Chasers are Trained. (Illustrated)</i> ... ..	700
<i>Racing Notes</i> ... ..	702
<i>Correspondence</i> ... ..	703

### EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs, or sketches submitted to him, but they should be accompanied with stamped addressed envelopes for return if unsuitable. In case of loss or injury he cannot hold himself responsible for MSS., photographs, or sketches, and publication in COUNTRY LIFE can alone be taken as evidence of acceptance. The name and address of the owner should be placed on the back of all pictures and MSS.

\* \* \* In our issue of this week and of last will be found articles and pictures dealing with Brokenhurst Park, which is described as the seat of Mrs. Morant, whereas, in fact, it is the seat of Mr. Edward John Morant. The gardens were arranged and laid out, exquisitely as the pictures show, by the late Mr. John Morant, Mrs. Morant's husband.

## THE . . . . . WAR, SOME GERMANS, & MR. CHAMBERLAIN.

IF the outward form of the title of our article is due to the quaint genius of "John Oliver Hobbes," the daintiest lady who ever assumed the plainest and most masculine of pseudonyms, the explanation of its actual words must be sought in the telegrams, welcome and the reverse, which were published in this country at the end of last week. Those telegrams dealt with many topics, and the first of them, in our order of treatment at any rate, went far to explain the oracular words used by Lord Salisbury in his City speech. He, as the head of British affairs, has no doubt known for many a week the important news which was revealed to the world at large when, on Friday, November 22nd, the curtain which shrouds South Africa from view was raised suddenly. For our part, we never doubted for a moment that Lord Salisbury's grave words were founded on fact, and not merely on vague hope, nor do we complain that news should be kept back when, in the opinion of those who are in the best position to know, reticence is the wiser and the more prudent course. Editors and special correspondents, with opinions coloured by professional zeal, are perhaps naturally apt to take the contrary view. At any rate now, with the consent of Lord Kitchener and the Censor, we are permitted to know, as Lord Salisbury knew on November 9th, how great and how strange is the progress that has been made towards peace. Before this it had been known that ex-burgbers, men who had fought against us in many a battle, had been allowed to bear arms for us against their sometime brethren, and the matter had been commented upon in these columns with some anxiety. At last we are privileged to know how general the movement has become. Andries Cronje, brother of the "dark Cronje" of Potchefstroom and of St. Helena, commands a corps of ex-burgbers; Celliers commands a second corps at Middelburg; Morley's Scouts along the Northern Line are mostly Boers; numbers of Boers are working as scouts for us elsewhere. There are the facts, plain and beyond doubt, stated in a special telegram sent from Pretoria, and they are at least sufficiently startling for one day; indeed, we suspect that they are without parallel.

Lord Kitchener, in fact, has either committed an error of

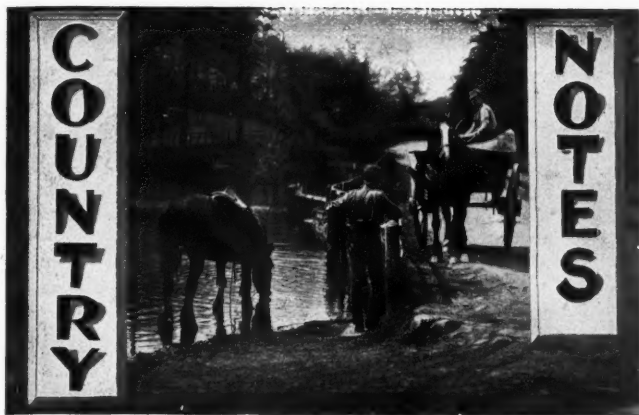
judgment of inconceivable magnitude in trusting these men before he was absolutely convinced of their fidelity by evidence which was beyond question, or he has played a master stroke which clearly proves the end to be near. We may surely dismiss the first alternative from consideration; we may certainly assume that these men, who will fight with ropes round their necks from every point of view, will be completely faithful to their salt. Pause for a moment to think what that means. It shows that Cronje and Celliers and their followers, having lived under British rule and administration, and having realised the boundless resources of Great Britain in men and money, are at one and the same moment content to come under British rule because it is good, and to force their recusant brethren to submit to it. It proves also that they are convinced at last of the fact that the Boer cause is so utterly forlorn and hopeless that further resistance is not only useless, but also foolish and criminal. It means that we have secured a body of allies of the highest practical value, familiar alike with every hiding-place in that horrible campaigning ground, and with every trick and artifice of their comrades of yesterday. It was held in old days, when poaching partook more of the nature of sport than now, and less of the nature of commerce, that a poacher made the best of gamekeepers. How much more then shall a Boer make the best of Boer catchers, even though the quarry should be De Wet himself! Think, too, of the moral effect which these men will produce by their action both now and later. Their old comrades will be bitterly and savagely angry at first, of course, as we should be in their places, but the truth cannot fail to penetrate their minds in the long run, and that truth is the acknowledgment by burghers who have seen with their own eyes, who have heard with their own ears, that the Boer cause is dead, and that British rule is excellent in Pretoria, as indeed it is all over the world. Then, when the final settlement comes, these men will be invaluable missionaries of the gospel of goodwill, not that, for our part, we have ever believed half the forebodings as to the hopelessness of ultimate friendship between Boer and Briton.

Simultaneously with this good news, for good news we must take it to be, came careful collections of German indignation concerning the lateful passage in Mr. Chamberlain's Edinburgh speech. It is really worth while to reproduce the words which have raised so great a storm. They were: "I think that the time has come—is coming—when measures of greater severity may be necessary, and if that time comes we can find precedents for anything we may do in the action of those nations who now criticise our 'barbarity' and 'cruelty,' but whose examples in Poland, in the Caucasus, in Almeria, in Tonquin, in Bosnia, in the Franco-German War, we have never even approached." In this passage the opening words are welcome to us; they will be equally welcome to all, and especially to men on service in South Africa, who hold that the unprecedented humanity with which this war has been carried on has been, in the long run, conducive to prolongation of resistance and to increase of suffering. Proverbial wisdom shows that apparent cruelty, which is severity, may be real kindness; and, conversely, apparent kindness may turn out as a matter of result to be cruelty itself. At any rate, we have certainly made war in kid gloves for quite long enough. As for the passage itself, we find ourselves unable to defend it completely without reserve, as some of our contemporaries do, and at the same time to remain sincere. To be plain, those words, "anything we may do," give us pause, because they are not capable of justification. Very strong acts were committed in the places and on the occasions named, but worse acts might be committed. "Anything we may do" is not, as "anything we are likely to do" would be, a harmless or even an accurate phrase. Moreover, drastic as were the measures taken by the Germans at the end of the Franco-German struggle (and admirable, it may be added, as were the results), to speak of Bosnia and Poland and Tonquin in the same breath with those measures, to lump them together, so to speak, was possibly inaccurate, certainly tactless, although it is difficult to write even this in face of the childish outburst of irresponsible calumny in Germany. Mr. Chamberlain, in fact, is a great man, he has been a most potent influence in the unification of the Empire; but his tongue sometimes runs away. Official Germany is unmoved, and it has its own troubles to occupy its attention; but there is no valid reason for needless excitement of even irrational passion, and it behoves statesmen never to give an opening to deliberate misconstruction.

## Our Portrait Illustrations

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of the Countess of Stradbroke, of Henham Hall, Suffolk, daughter of the late Lieutenant-General J. Keith Fraser, and wife of the third Earl of Stradbroke. Elsewhere will be found portraits of her children, Lady Pleasance Elizabeth Rous and Lady Catherine Charlotte, born in 1899 and 1900 respectively.





**E**XAGGERATED pessimism concerning the war is deprecated by Mr. Asquith, in his Oldham speech, by the Duke of Devonshire, who is not a mercurial statesman, and by Lord Durham. It is noteworthy, too, that Reuter's correspondent at the front furnished at the end of last week an excellent summary of the work done under civil and military guidance in the way of farming. Nay, more, he repudiated the prevalent notion that our troops in South Africa are worn out and stale; and this is very important. The writer of this note happens to have been in South Africa quite recently, and he desires to express his opinion that the soldiers whom he saw, particularly at Maritzburg, when the Duke of Cornwall was there in August, were in the very bronze (rather than the pink) of condition, and first-rate fighting men. Officers encountered were also cheerful, and full of health and confidence. In fact, nobody who has been in South Africa can understand the moods of the public at home, which alternate between cheery optimism, with a belief that the war will end in a moment, and blank despair, with the certainty that it will never end. As a matter of fact, we are going on steadily to a finish, and, for reasons given in our leading article, it seems likely that it will soon be reached.

The leading topic of the week is undoubtedly the extraordinary outbreak of Anglophobia in Germany, and, like many other events, it has a secondary as well as a primary cause. Ostensibly it has arisen out of Mr. Chamberlain's almost innocuous remarks at Edinburgh, but no one supposes that Germany, which produced the man of blood and iron, and boasts of conducting its politics on lines entirely unsentimental and directed purely and simply to its own advantage, is so very sensitive as all this language would lead us to infer. The true motive lies deeper. England and Germany are rivals in the great field of industrial competition, and it is an open secret that the booming of the Fatherland has been somewhat overdone of late. It is now face to face with commercial depression, the problem of the unemployed, the resurgence of Socialism, and all that these bring in their train. Any peril that arises from the embittered feelings towards England springs from this cause. In the past Germany has had statesmen who could deal with such a situation. Whether that is the case now may at least be regarded as an open question.

In Count Hatzfeldt the German Emperor loses a devoted servant, who worked for him to his life's end zealously, effectually, and without ostentation. Always an invalid, Count Hatzfeldt died in such fashion as to suggest that it was for his work's sake, for that of his Kaiser, and for that of his Fatherland, that he clung to life. His work came to an end, he was allowed to resign, and the candle flame of life flickered out. One of the most touching little incidents occurred when, during the Emperor's last visit to Windsor before Queen Victoria's illness, the late Ambassador paid a visit of duty to his Sovereign Lord. He was so ill that he had to be carried from Windsor Station; his face was as that of a dead man. Germans who were present averred that nothing save affection had moved the Ambassador, and it may have been so, for the personal regard of many leading Germans for the Emperor William is far warmer than most of us imagine or realise. But Englishmen who watched, noting also the presence of Mr. Chamberlain, came to the conclusion that after that day official Germany and official England were more friendly than ever they had been before.

Sir Edward Fry concluded his enquiry into the dispute at Grimsby with some wholesome advice to those engaged in trawling. The sum and substance of it is that the strike has been an unmitigated calamity to the town. Grimsby has no natural advantage to secure for it a monopoly, or even a preponderant share in the industry of steam trawling. In fact, when steam superseded sailing for this purpose it forfeited many of the old advantages. Both the companies who own the boats

and the men who work them will do well to take this into consideration, and if they glance over the water to Hull they will see a port thriving and increasing, while their own is poor and discouraged. In preaching harmony and forbearance, therefore, Sir Edward Fry was also inculcating the doctrine of self-preservation. Another strike of the same kind as the last will bring Grimsby perilously near ruin.

It is a constant complaint of working men who emigrate from this country to the United States that, although in the latter wages are high, so is living, and if you have £10 a week, or 10s. only, you are equally poor if all is spent by next pay day. This state of things is not healthy, and President Roosevelt or some other statesman of equal standing would really deserve gratitude were he to rise above party and deal with the situation. This year, for instance, Mr. Gage has informed Congressmen that the surplus will probably amount to 130,000,000 dol., or about £25,000,000, despite an abnormal outlay on the Philippine War. Needless to say, the magnitude of the surplus is due to the Protective Tariffs, and the United States citizen contributes to it by the enhanced price of clothing and other manufactured articles. It is proposed to get rid of the surplus by diminishing the beer, tobacco, and whisky taxes. One does not require to be a teetotaler to see that to increase facilities for drinking beer and whisky and smoking tobacco is not really a national benefit of the first class. But America has got into such a position that some such course is almost inevitable. As to the Customs Duties, they appear in certain eyes to be sacrosanct.

It was inevitable, but was none the less to be regretted, that Mr. Henley's article on Stevenson, of which we last week gave a summary, should provoke a tempest in a tea-pot. The "able leader-writer" had a theme made to his hand. Was it not exactly to this sort of thing that R. L. S. himself gave the title "body-snatching"? Poor dead body! could it watch from the grave what a spectacle is this fighting of professed friends over it! Yet the incident, taken out of the region of the *gobe-mouches* and the literary gutter-snipe, raises an important question. Mr. Graham Balfour followed a distinctly English style when he showed a draped—nay, swathed and wrapped-up figure—as the hero of his official biography. One has only to glance at the books that come in for review to be aware that similar "Lives" are produced annually by the ton. And the apologists might very fairly say that decent clothing is a recognised human necessity, while Mr. Henley, on the opposite side, urges that the raiment should be torn off, and every spot and blemish shown in the nude presentment. This is all very fine, but it adds a new terror to death. The old body-snatcher sold the corpse to physicians for dissection, but the new offer up the soul to undergo a similar process, and in our author's agreeable phrase, the prospect "do not over-stimulate."

A German statistician has been collecting facts that charm us by the manner in which figures prove the obvious. They deal with the relation that suicide bears to divorce. In Prussia, it seems, out of 1,000,000 persons 348 women committed suicide after being divorced, as compared with only sixty-one married women, while the men were in the proportion of ten divorced to one married suicide. But what would you? Divorce is a sign of unhappiness, the unhappy are naturally most prone to self-slaughter, and therefore—but the syllogism does not need completion. It would appear that many of those who do not commit suicide go mad. In Wurtemberg there are in the asylums 3,024 divorced persons against 283 married, 416 celibates, and 676 widows and widowers. But here, again, facts and common sense are in perfect harmony. Suppose a man or woman to have, as the Scotch say, "a bee in his or her bonnet," it is likely to lead to a crazy choice, a crazy choice to a divorce, and a divorce to that intensification of craziness which is official insanity. On these grounds we are inclined to accept the figures of Dr. Gurico Morrelli, the statistician in question, as being likely to be perfectly accurate. What gain to human knowledge comes from his labour is not so self-evident.

Six only of the Henley Regatta Stewards were absent from last Saturday's meeting, which was conspicuously representative of all that is best in English rowing, and of those who were present, no more than five were found to support Mr. Grenfell's motion for the exclusion of foreign entries, while no less than nineteen voted against it. Here, then, is no uncertainty of sound, and the question must be regarded as definitely settled for some time to come. We regard the result with somewhat mixed feelings. There is no keener athlete and no better sportsman than Mr. Grenfell, and we take it that the real ground of his motion was that the Englishman and the foreigner, especially the American, regard boat-racing from entirely different points of view. An American crew makes it its business to win, devotes its life for the time to that object, and trains and practises with an assiduity not matched at home, except, perhaps, in the training of the University crews.

Englishmen, as a rule, cannot devote themselves so exclusively to training and practice, and probably would not do so, even if they could. Rowing is for them a pastime, not a business; and American writers of authority admit the difference of point of view. Still, there is the judgment of a large majority, and it must be accepted in the right spirit. Perhaps, after all, there is not so very much to fear.

The dinner given by the Aero Club to M. Santos-Dumont has quickened the general interest in the future of aerial navigation. We all have watched the performances, the failures, and the efforts of the indomitable young Brazilian with breathless admiration. We were indignant when there was an idea that he would be deprived, on a mere technicality, of his hundred thousand francs. But now that is over, he has distributed his prize-money with a prodigal liberality, and we begin to ask ourselves, "What next?" The thing has come for which we seemed to have been waiting so long. M. Santos-Dumont has solved the problem of aerial navigation to an extent that some thought the solution never would reach; but what is the world the better for it? That is what we are beginning to wonder. We have been told so often that the man who solved this problem would be conferring an immense benefit on mankind, that now the problem is solved we begin to look about for the benefit. Perhaps we are impatient. It may be that this attitude of an expectant world is not a justifiable one. But there is no doubt that it is the attitude in which it now stands towards all this matter. Possibly M. Santos-Dumont will do something even further to satisfy the expectancy with his new balloon in the Bay of Monaco.

Something approaching to an *impasse* seems to be the result of the decision of Mr. Justice Kekewich in "Palmer v. the Thames Conservators." The facts are simple; by exercising, as they believed, their statutory power, the Conservators authorised one Edwards to dredge the river at a point between Boulter's Lock and Maidenhead Bridge, where Sir Roger Palmer owns a fishery or fisheries. Edwards dredged accordingly, or began to dredge, and got rid of the product of the dredging—sand and gravel, to wit—by sale, or intended so to get rid of it. Sir Roger Palmer applied to Mr. Justice Kekewich for an injunction, and obtained it. We take leave to doubt whether he will keep it, for clearly somebody must dredge the river, and something must be done with the resulting material. It will not be surprising if the Lords Justices discover more common-sense in the Law than the puisne judge has been able to find; such a discovery would not be unprecedented.

Seldom, indeed, do we open these columns to charitable appeals, our reason being no lack of sympathy, but a certain assurance that they are not light reading, and that they assault the eye elsewhere. But for the moment the rule is relaxed in the case of the Royal London Ophthalmic Hospital, in the City Road; and the reasons are not far to seek. This invaluable institution, patronised by the King and Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the Duke of Cambridge, is, in the first place, in dire lack of funds. Next, it is trying to raise the wind, not by a gluttonous dinner, but by an innocent ball, to be held, with the Blue Viennese Band for orchestra, at the Royal Palace Hotel, Kensington, on December 11th. Tickets are £1 1s. each, or 17s. 6d. a head for families of four and upwards; and the assembly sounds as if it would be select, for the vouchers for tickets can be obtained only from patronesses, the committee of management, and members of the medical and surgical staff. Mrs. J. R. Carter, or the secretary to the hospital, who are also secretaries to the ball committee, will doubtless give all information, for the names of those authorised to give vouchers make too long a list for us to quote. Suffice it to say that they amount to a guarantee of a delightful gathering.

"We have nearly doubled the size of our cattle and sheep during the last century by recording their weights and by paying careful attention to their requirements. Why should we not, for a change, devote some attention to our children, and keep a register of their weights and measurements during their growing years?" So writes Earl Grey in an important letter to the *Times* of Tuesday, a letter suggested by the startling figures quoted by Mr. Arnold White from the Manchester recruiting returns. Eight thousand rejected out of 11,000 volunteers, and out of the 3,000 accepted only 1,200 up to the military standard, is certainly an alarming record, and there need be no hesitation in endorsing Lord Grey's argument as to the desirability of weighing and measuring children in our schools—a practice which is followed in some of them. His point, of course, is to show that more robust children are produced under rural than under urban conditions, and his aim to bring home to the British public the evils of the migration to towns.

"Never be on your horses when you can be on your feet," said Lord Roberts on Saturday to the Mounted Infantry,

Guardsmen, Liverpools, and Essex Regiment, who were starting for the front. The exhortation is, we gather from one recently returned from the seat of war, greatly needed; for not only our English troopers, but also our Colonial horsemen, strange as it may appear in the latter case, are sadly to seek in the matter of consideration for their horses. The cause is not of course cruelty, but carelessness; but the effect is the same. To the Hussars Lord Roberts observed that, at their own request, to which he had acceded with pleasure, they had been armed with Lee-Enfields, equal, if not superior, to the Boer Mauser. That, apart from questions in relation to action, is our view of the comparative merits of the '303 and the Mauser, and we may add, what is perhaps not generally known, that it is also the Boer view. A war correspondent was heard to say the other day that whensoever the Boers had Lee-Enfields and ammunition they preferred them to the Mauser. In fact, among rifles of small calibre, none has a better or a straighter shooting barrel.

Fortunate was it from the point of view of the country, unfortunate perhaps from the standpoint of Mr. Stead and from the Swami's, that the same papers which reported his wild harangue at Bethnal Green of Sunday last should have contained a report of the magisterial investigation into the "Mental Science" case. We Englishmen, it seems, carry the brand of Cain, our hands drop with the blood of brothers; Herod is a saint to us in general and to Mr. Chamberlain in particular, and so on through a flood of noisome vituperation. In a paper of even date appears a letter, purporting to come from Mr. Stead, addressed to "Swami Viva Amanda," containing the phrase, "I hope your Theosophic centre may be a Pharos from which light may stream over a darkened continent." Little questions which occur to us on reflecting upon this juxtaposition of facts are, firstly, how long would Mr. Stead have lasted in the time of Herod the king, or for that matter in any country except ours? And, secondly, is it not really rather hard on the Swami that she should go to trial with the handicap of association with Mr. Stead against her?

No one could have supposed that Mr. Davenport Hill's proposals to the Zoological Society, made on Thursday, November 21st, would be carried *en bloc*. They were rather too "upsetty." But there was good ground for carrying some of them. The parrot house, kangaroo sheds, and northern aviary are unpleasant to look at, and the birds especially suffer from the bad accommodation. Probably the matter, which has attracted a good deal of attention, will be attended to quietly by the society, who ought to be able to improve away the "slum areas" of the Zoo. There would be more "life" about the menagerie management if the hybridising experiments could be continued and properly chronicled. Why not, for instance, see what pheasant crosses are fertile, and which are "constant" in plumage? We might get a larger variety, between Reeves and the common pheasant, of the hybrid breed.

Fruit-growers ought to feel grateful to the Government for sending out a pamphlet on the winter washing of fruit trees. It deals with a matter that long has puzzled them, the earliest and more primitive method of attacking the insects being to make a great fire of chaff in the orchard one day in early spring. The smoke, as was fondly imagined, destroyed the insects. A little less primitive, but scarcely more satisfactory in its results, was the washing the trunks up to 2ft. or 3ft. from the ground with a solution of lime. For a while after that faith was pinned to sprays and oil-bands, but the insects continued to flourish in spite of them. Now the Board of Agriculture comes forward to recommend "a caustic or burning wash known as caustic alkali wash." They claim that it removes moss and lichen, and also causes all rough and decaying bark to fall off, and thus "the favourite quarters of many hibernating insects are destroyed." Among the victims are the woolly aphis, the apple-blossom weevil, the earwig, the codling maggot, and thrips. Our impression was that the earwig, like the ladybird, was a destroyer of pests rather than an enemy itself, but the expert may be right. To make the wash you dissolve 1lb. of commercial caustic soda in water, then 1lb. of crude potash in water. Mix them together, and add ½lb. of agricultural treacle. Add water to make the bulk up to ten gallons, and the insect destroyer is ready.

Advancing civilisation brings novel terrors and perils in its train. When the Tube was first started there were all sorts of jesting prophecies concerning the new diseases which it was to call into being, which were to be called "New Tuberculosis" and to be as peculiar and disagreeable as a tennis elbow, or writer's cramp. The prophecies, of course, came to nothing; but, on the other hand, an inconvenience of a very distinct kind has become the subject of general complaint. Watches, good, bad, and indifferent, are said to suffer from travelling with their owners in the Tube, in much the same way as they suffer if one approaches a dynamo in their company. In other words, they become magnetised, and demagnetisation is a costly and lengthy



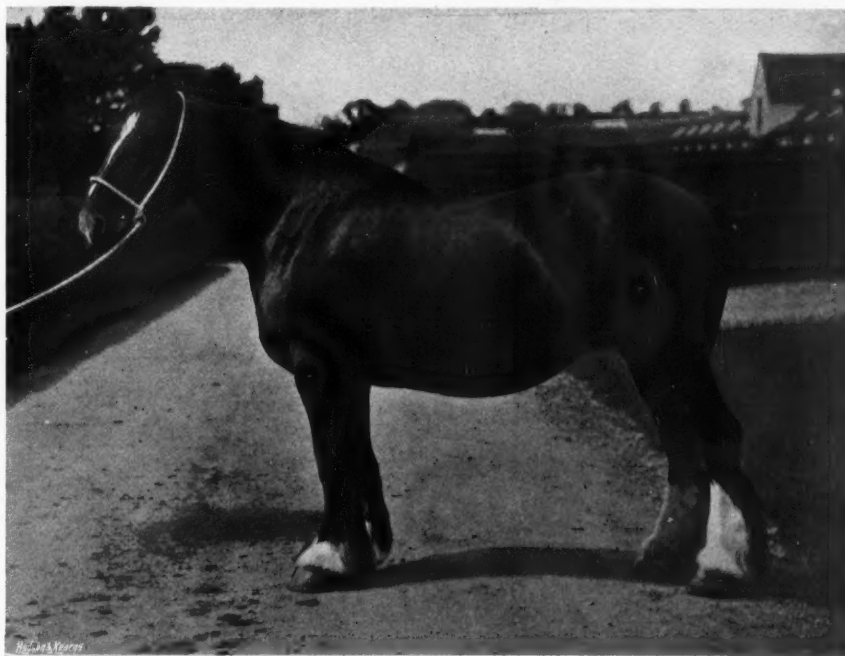
process. The remedy is to carry the watch in a non-conducting case on these occasions, and a silk handkerchief is better than nothing; but all that is troublesome.

That strange new animal, half giraffe, half zebra, the okapi, which occasioned so much discussion in the papers lately, is to have an expedition all to itself. Mr. A. E. Butter, of Faskally, accompanied by Mr. Darrah, has begun a journey across Africa to the great forest of Semliki, where it is supposed to have its abode. There are some who suppose the okapi to be extinct, as a living specimen has never been seen by a white

man, but the testimony of Sir Harry Johnston is to the contrary, as the skin of the animal procured by him, and which is now in the Natural History Museum at Kensington, was quite fresh. Sir Harry himself believes that quite a number of mammalia hitherto unknown to zoology roam about this forest, which will be remembered as the home also of that strange race of ape-like pigmies discovered by the traveller, and as part of the country through which Stanley went on his historic journey in search of Emin Pasha. We hope Mr. Butter's expedition will be an entirely successful one, and that he will enrich our knowledge by the discovery of some new thing under the sun.

## THE CHILDWICK SHIRES.

ONE thinks so much of thoroughbreds in connection with Childwick that they seem to dominate everything there; but the stud of Shire horses is scarcely of less importance, is, indeed, of far higher importance, from an agricultural point of view, since the cart-horse is pre-eminently that of the farmer. It was a pleasant autumn day when we visited the place, and at such a time the country round Childwick is at its best, for though only a short distance out of St. Albans, and within an hour's journey of London, the place when you get to it looks as "distant secluded still" as Longfellow's village of Grand Pré. The landscape is well wooded, and, indeed, there are many splendid old trees in Sir Blundell Maple's park, and the leaves have already got their autumnal tints. The stud farm is some distance from the house, and the way to it is by an old-fashioned country lane along the banks of the river Ver, with fields of roots and grass on one side and flat green meadows on the other. We stopped on the way to admire the grand old mare Gloaming, at pasture in one of the meadows. She is now in foal to Childwick Majestic, and high hopes are entertained of the result, as, though the show days of this massive daughter of Harold are over, she still remains as good a Shire mare as is to be found in England. It is claimed for her that she has won more first prizes, cups, etc., and taken more championship honours, than any other mare in England, and in this way is entitled to be called the best. However, "comparisons are odorous," and she certainly looks one that would still be hard to beat. On the other side of the lane were a number of frisky matrons running with no less frisky yearlings, but they are so full of life and play that it was not found practicable in the short time at our disposal to



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

WYKEHAM MABEL.

Copyright

bring them within close view. The farm itself, though supplied with very modern outbuildings, and equipped with every possible improvement, has contrived to retain a pleasant, old-fashioned air, such as it might have worn when held by a tenant of the old style. Cattle, poultry, and the other tenantry of the yards and sheds make an atmosphere of their own.

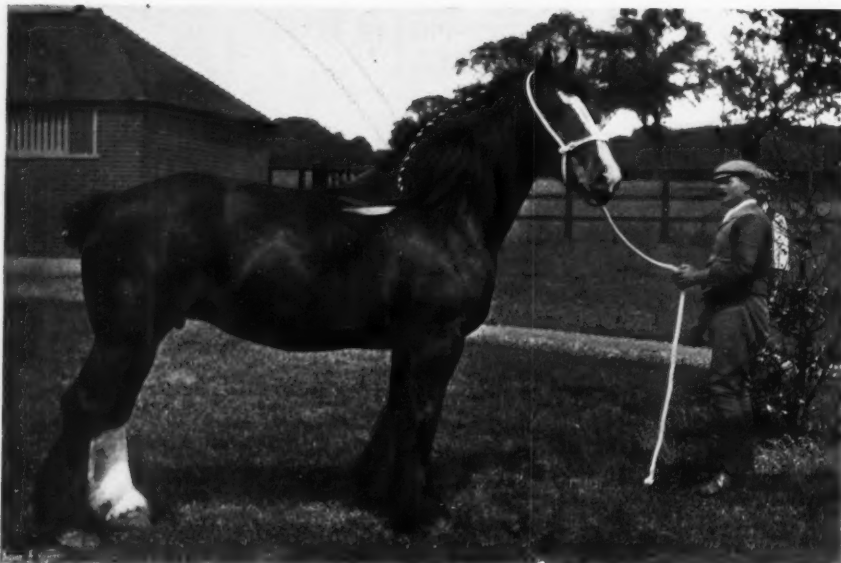
No one previously unaware of the fact would have dreamed that there was a great sale at Childwick a few months ago, as the place seems almost overstocked still. Yet so it was; on February 13th of the present year no fewer than forty-eight animals came under the hammer. They included that grand two year old filly Kathleen, a daughter of Harold out of Wykeham Mabel, that fetched 550 guineas; Childwick First Lord, a two year old stallion, by First Lord out of Kingcup, who made 450 guineas; St. Albans, a three year old colt by Prince Harold out of Cui Bono; the remarkable four year old mare Grand Duchess, by Menestrel out of Boro' Duchess, sold for 540 guineas, and many other Shires almost equally notable, of which we shall particularise only one. This the charming yearling filly Childwick Youno, of which a photograph is shown. She is by Childwick Majestic out of Juno, by Worsley IX. Lord Verulam purchased her for 520 guineas, she being at the time only ten months old, but later on Sir Blundell Maple, who had been loath to part with her, bought her back, and when we were there she was running in the paddock. A wonderful filly she is for her age, and has the bone, muscle, and general make that go to the formation of one in the very first flight. However, we are anticipating, since it was our



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

DUNSMORE GLOAMING.

Copyright



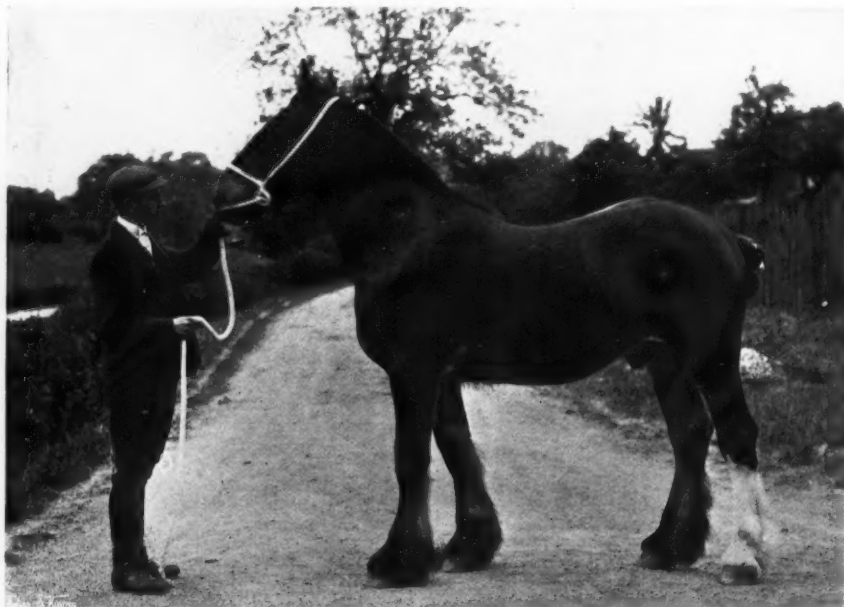
C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

DUNSMORE GAZELLE.

Copyright

intention to deal with the stallions first, only there is nothing of greater practical interest than breeding. At any rate, from that the farmer can gain more useful hints for himself than from anything else. And it is a circumstance to be noted that this filly, still in her early days, is worth 500 guineas. However well she looks, her merits are mainly those of breeding and promise, for there is many a slip between the cup and the lip, and it is never possible to be sure that no mishap will prevent a yearling from carrying all before her in mature years; the moral of all which is that it will pay any tenant farmer to keep good mares. They will be none the worse for doing such hard work as ploughing and carting, and if put to good sires, such as are now brought within the reach of even poor farmers, they are certain—as certain as anything can be in a world full of uncertainties and disappointments—to produce foals that at the worst will pay their way when sold as dray horses, and at the best may command a price that will generously compensate the owner for his care and enterprise. But it is full time to have the stallions out, and the first to appear was that celebrated horse **CHILDWICK MAJESTIC**. He is a whole-coloured dark brown horse, very massive, but full of quality, who has shown himself to be as good a stud horse as is going just now. There are several of his foals running in the paddocks this year, and more than one have the make on which an owner naturally rests his hopes for the future. **CHILDWICK YOUNG** is in herself a living memorial to his merit in this respect. **Childwick Majestic** is by **Rokeby**

**Friar** out of **Rose**, by **Lincolnshire Boy**, so that his blood is of the best. The next one is well fitted to stand beside **Majestic**. This is **BUSCOT SQUIRE**, and those who have not seen him in the flesh will, by comparing his portrait with that of his sire, **Markeaton Harold** (shown in our account of the **Buscot Shires**, *COUNTRY LIFE*, Vol. IX.), see what a strong family resemblance there is between them. His dam was **Madryn Bonny Lass**, by **Willington Sir John**. In colour **Buscot Squire** is a bright bay, and he is a very smart upstanding horse, full of quality, and a grand mover. When a yearling, it will be remembered, he helped to achieve the triple honours of Mr. Henderson by winning the first prize and the junior championship at the London Shire Horse Show. **Sir Blundell Maple** gave 1,500 guineas for this horse. **CHILDWICK HAROLD** is another son of **Markeaton Harold** out of the well-known prize-winning mare **Pratt's Buttercup**, by **Boy Victor Chief**. He is a grand colt, and from his breeding ought to make a very valuable stallion. He is a bay in colour. Other notable stallions, for whose photographs we cannot find space, though they are well worth illustration, are **Old Times**—a heavy three year old, by a horse that was let in Somersetshire last year; he is by **Stonewall** out of **Pratt's Buttercup**, and has won many prizes—



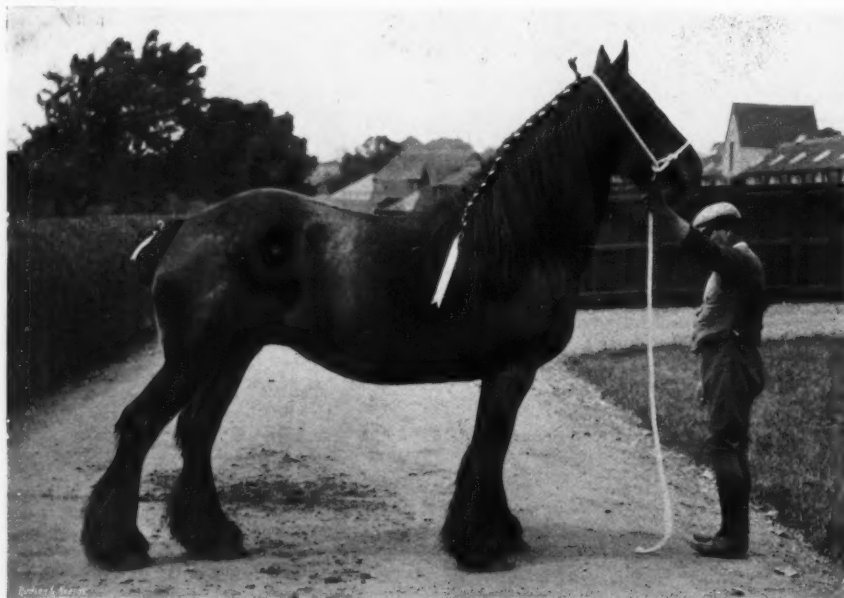
C. Reid Wishaw, N.B.

CHILDWICK HAROLD.

Copyright

and **Childwick Thumper**, a massive black horse, who looks very likely to get the class of geldings sought after for town work.

Of the mares, we have already mentioned **DUNSMORE GLOAMING**, who is undoubtedly the pick of the stud, but there are others not very far behind her. **DUNSMORE GAZELLE** is a very fine mare, and the winner of many first prizes and championships. At present she is in foal to **Childwick Majestic**. Her sire is **Dunsmore Willington Boy** and her dam **Masterman Bracelet**, by **The Boy**. The beautiful dark brown mare **BONNY LASS** is well known in the show-ring, where she has achieved many notable triumphs. She is by **Eclipse** out of **Smiler**. **WYKEHAM MABEL** is another beauty who has carried off a first prize every time she has been shown. It is for breeding, however, that she is most valued, and well she may be, as one of her filly foals was sold by **Sir Blundell** for 550 guineas. She is now in foal to **Majestic**. Among the mares that we have not shown, by far the most notable is **Seabreeze**, for whom **Sir Blundell** gave what was then the record price of 1,150 guineas when she came from **Sandringham** to **Childwick**. She is by **Calwick Blaze** out of a **Royal II** mare. There are others just as worthy of notice as those we have described, but it seems scarcely worth while to single out one unless we were dealing with all. Even from this brief account it



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

BONNY LASS.

Copyright



will be possible to form some idea of the courage, enterprise, and skill with which Shire breeding is conducted at St. Albans. Sir Blundell Maple has gone upon a principle that perhaps is the cheapest in the end, viz., that of sparing no expense in acquiring the very best blood on which to found a stud. It is an affair that demands time, and he has been only three years at it, so that he has excellent reason to be satisfied with his achievements so far. What impresses one most at Childwick, however, is the future prospect. Here are collected as choice a lot of mares as money could compass, and the stallions to match them are of the best blood in England, and in every case sires of great and outstanding merit.

The perfect health of the stud and the good condition of every horse in it are unmistakable testimonials to the excellence of the management. Given such a combination as this, and it appears to follow inevitably that many great Shires must spring from it in the future. And the pledges for the realisation of that prophecy are the gamesome younglings now in stable or paddock.

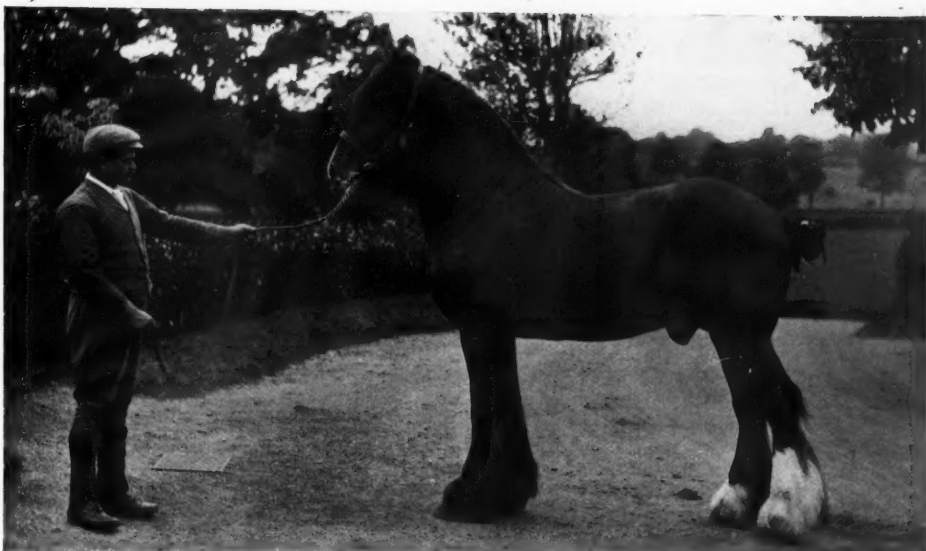
## TOWERING BIRDS.

THE phenomenon of birds towering perpendicularly into the air after being shot, then falling suddenly on the ground, where they are picked up usually quite dead, is so remarkable as to have attracted great attention amongst sportsmen. It was noticed that birds severely wounded did not tower, and the very cursory examination of towered birds resulted in the opinion, which until a few years ago was generally received, that a bird towered from being shot in the head, and that the action was owing to injury to the brain. Such an explanation could not be received

by physiologists. Some years ago I made a very full investigation of the subject, and by the kindness of correspondents of the

*Field* received specimens of various species which had towered. These I carefully dissected, and found that in every instance, without exception, the towering was due to impending suffocation, the bird struggling upwards when the air vessels of the lungs became charged with blood. A single shot penetrating the lungs was generally followed by towering, which does not occur in one species of bird only, but has been noticed in pheasants, partridges, pigeons, blackcock, capercaillie, sparrows, etc. My method of investigation before the discovery of the Röntgen rays, which enable a shot to be located without dissection, was to denude the bird of its feathers, to

pass a flexible probe into any shot-hole, and to dissect along the course of the shot, which was generally discovered imbedded in the lungs, the air passages of which had become full of blood, causing impending suffocation, in the effort to relieve itself from which the bird towered upwards until it became suffocated, when it fell on to the ground, and was usually killed by the force of the impact. Some very singular variations occur in the locality of the shot. On one occasion I could find no trace of shot in the body of the bird, which was quite unwounded, but on continuing the examination, by entirely denuding the bird of feathers a shot-hole was found immediately behind the head. This had wounded the large blood vessels of the neck and the wind-pipe, consequently the blood, which was poured out, was drawn into the wind-pipe by the inhalation of the bird, producing the sense of suffocation, and the bird towered to a great height, fell perpendicularly, and was picked up quite dead. On another occasion a capercaillie which had towered was kindly forwarded to me by the gentleman who shot it. Like the others, it was carefully plucked, and only one shot-hole was visible, which was



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

BUSCOT SQUIRE.

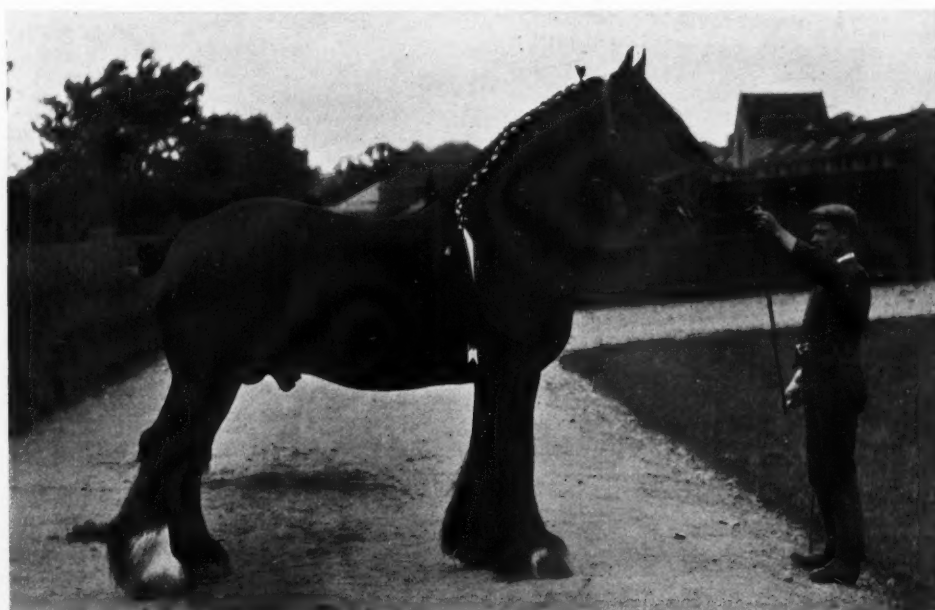
Copyright



W. H. Lane.

YEARLING SHIRE FILLY, YOUNG.

Copyright



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

CHILDWICK MAJESTIC.

Copyright

immediately under the tail. On inserting a small silver probe and dissecting the bird, I found that the shot had passed through the soft viscera in the body and lodged in the lungs, from which I extracted it. It was remarkable that so large a bird as the capercaillie should be brought down by a single small shot, which was fired at it as it was flying away from the sportsman. I had the opportunity of examining numerous partridges and several blackcock. One of the latter which was sent me was described by my correspondent as having been shot at about 50yds. distance, when it circled for about 300yds. and then towered straight up 30ft. or 40ft., and fell, as the birds usually do, on its back quite dead, with the blood coming from the mouth. One of the three shot with which it was struck entered the lungs, wounding them so that the air vessels and wind-pipe became full of blood. The bird had flown so high that the ribs were broken by the force of the blow with which it struck the ground.

Towering is not confined to the species mentioned. Colonel White gave a description of a towering mallard, and another valued correspondent writing to me, said, "If you see a large flock of sparrows feeding on the ground, and you

stand off about thirty yards and send a charge of snipe shot amongst them, you may kill a dozen or two, and probably there will be one or two towerers amongst them, which can be then secured and examined." The interesting investigation of Mr. Roome showing the position of the shot in a towered bird by means of the Röntgen rays, has confirmed the accuracy of a similar photograph which was published some short time since in the *Field*.

The last specimen of a towered bird which I received was very interesting. It was a French partridge which was shot with a rifle carrying a small expanding bullet. The bird was on the ground facing the shooter, and the bullet passed into the breast, and in expanding shattered the ribs and the thigh-bone and passed out close to the tail. The lungs were injured by the fragments of the shattered bones, and the bird consequently towered and fell dead, although the bullet did not touch the lungs or any vital organ.

On the whole I must have examined more than thirty cases of towered birds of very various species, and have no hesitation whatever in saying that in all circumstances towered is due to a sense of suffocation from blood in the air passages, and never from the slightest wound to the head. W. B. TEGETMEIER.

## W. E. HENLEY, POET & MAN.

WHO indite these words while the glamour of Mr. Henley's poetry encircles me round and about, while the enthralling rhythm of his strong and outspoken verse rings in my ears, can almost become a Hero Worshipper. True it is, 'tis pity, that but a short week has passed since, with others, I shuddered because Mr. Henley had sacrificed the memory of Robert Louis Stevenson on the altar of truth; shuddered all the more because the sacrifice was due, in some measure at any rate, and because, being due, it was offered by the hand of a friend of thirteen intimate years. But now comes "Hawthorn and Lavender," with a gathering of other powerful verse, to redeem and to explain the article of November 18th. *Irrefragable* genus, said old Horace of the poets, and he never spoke a truer word than in this, the first authentic definition of the poetic temperament. Now Mr. Henley is a poet born, a poet trained, a poet to the tips of his fingers. He sings, as the bird sings, because he must; anger, scorn, laughter, tears, courage, despair, hope, and all the rest of his moods and feelings must out whether he will or no; for poets are not as other men are, nor ever will be such. Nay, there have been some poets—sweet singers, too, in their different notes—who never were men at all, but of Mr. Henley, not less truly than of any man who walks the earth in the lusty vigour of manhood in this England of ours and of his, it may be said that in spirit and in soul he is a true man and an absolute Englishman. Never shall I forget the fire which kindled in his eye, the leonine look upon his face, when, at a chance meeting years ago, I made a trifling remark which implied that I believed him to be a Scotsman. "I am an Englishman," he thundered, and as an Englishman, lover of England, singer of vigorous English songs breathing courage and patriotism and grim defiance if need be, I have revered him ever since, renewing the cult whensoever fortune brought the delight of a new volume of verse from his brain.

"England, green heart of the world, and you,  
Dear demi-Englands, far away isles of home,  
Where the old speech is native, and the old flag  
Floats, and the old irresistible call,  
The watchword of so many ages of years,  
Makes men in love  
With toil for the race, and pain, and peril, and death."

That, chosen from the noble verse which burst from him on that black day in last February, is the true Henley, and for that ideal he has lived, and he has sung boldly, frankly, with a full and courageous heart ever since his muse became articulate.

In this last volume, Henley, the man of robust temperament, the man who recked little of the opinion of the world, who plays with language as master, not as slave, the man who feels that his life is all but spent, but nonetheless refuses to be parted from the joy and the hope of life, is revealed more plainly, perhaps, than ever before. Look at the Envoy, in which he tells us, "My songs were once of the sunrise," and then continues, with a tinge of regret, "My songs are now of the sunset." Yet of the ancient buoyancy, of the vigorous heart which has risen superior to bodily pain, to a life of anxiety and of quarrels fought with a will, there is all the true ring in the last stanza:

"Yet for the joy of their making  
Take them, O fond and true,  
And for his sake who made them  
Let them be dear to you."

To many and many another will these songs be dear also, for this is the old music, this is the familiar and overwhelming style.

Once more we have that dainty conceit in the use of archaic words, that calculated audacity in the misuse of words, that fanciful manner of imagery, which at once compel reflection and flash an impressionist picture to the mind. "As he goes southing, weakening, minishing, Almighty in obedience"; there is a realisation of "the sovran Sun" in the "dead-march of the year," "Half-candied meres"! The whole scene rises before one as by magic.

What could be neater and bolder than "Insolent, high-blooded May," "hoyden Spring," the "aching unrest" of April, "clement rain," "delicious plenitude of June," "mighty Summer," which is "august to the end," "hot-eyed, close-throated, blind regret," "November, the old, lean widow," or a hundred inspired phrases besides? They are the true art magic of the poet; they show his real and unattainable genius. Pregnant with meaning which compels attention, too, are the occasional and deliberate misuses of words, or the employment of purely colloquial terms. When the wind and the rain "savagely the helpless trees" one thinks, save the mark, of Muley Edris and Fred Archer (for there is no ancient use which quite justifies Mr. Henley's phrase), and one sees with the poet's eyes a scene of grim cruelty. So when "the night dislimns" the mere grammarian complains that a transitive verb is used in a wrong sense, but the wise man perceives that a lightning sketch has been drawn by simply arresting the attention. "You shall see my meaning," says the poet in effect, "you shall not be carried away by the sweet glamour of rushing melody."

Some rollicking devil-may-care songs like

"Be it love or liquor;  
What's the odds?  
So it slide you quicker  
To the Gods"

will shock here and there a reader. Some phrases of the more frank kind have clearly been employed with the deliberate intention of startling the proprieties. But, after all, they do but go to complete and round off the portrait, strong, true, and relentless, drawn by the artist of himself. They show us

"One that hath fairly earned and spent  
In pride of heart and jubilation of blood  
Such wages, be they counted bad or good,  
As Time, the old taskmaster, was moved to pay."

To sum up the whole matter, a man who has enjoyed greatly and greatly suffered has sent forth something which savours of the Swan's Song. *Absit omen!* May many a year pass before he who now calls himself "A tool on His workshop floor, worn to the butt" shall pass "into the old indissoluble Peace" of which he wrote with more of dignity and of tenderness than any other in the days of England's sorrow.

Precious possession of England, however, as Mr. Henley is when he writes poetry, it were no bad thing if he should adhere to the last intentions attributed to him by the interviewer. Asked if he would like to reply to the criticisms, regretful in some cases, indignant in others, he quoted Bishop Berkeley, in a lordly tone, "They say, what say they? Let them say!" The criticisms are really not worth the trouble of retort. I shall probably read them in the papers . . . . I have kept silence for five years against ill-natured attacks and every kind of innuendo, and I can do so for another five years. Let us hope, in the interests of peace, that he will keep to his determination. CYGNUS.



## CHIMNEYS.

"From farms and houses at sundown  
Comes grey smoke, lucid and bright."

THE windows of a house have often been compared to eyes, and they do indeed beautify and lighten up a building, much as eyes vivify and illumine a human countenance; but what shall be said of chimneys? Unlike windows, they are not an absolute necessity. In tropical countries every house is built without them, and even in our own country many public and some private institutions are heated by electricity, and are therefore chimneyless. Buildings without chimneys always have an unfinished look. We gaze at them with a vague sense of loss, as we wonder what is wrong. Apart from mere utility it is undeniable that chimneys have a definite value. They add beauty and finish to the skyline, providing the uneven contour so beloved

of the Japanese artist, whose sense of the beautiful is unerring. All artists and sketchers from nature will be found to speak a good word for the chimney-stack, in spite of certain teasing habits chimneys have of coming more crooked on paper or on canvas than they are in reality. Except when photographed, a careful eye can more often than not detect some deviation from the correct line in pictured chimneys. To make up for this defect, juvenile artists have ever found them their greatest prop and mainstay. Whatever else might fail, or look out of drawing, chimneys were always a distinguishing and unmistakable feature in the drawings of our infancy, and so was the smoke, generally made doubly realistic by smears of ink, lead or slate pencil. Chimneys seldom come in for their fair share of admiration, but when once attention has been called to them, few will deny the dignity they lend to many an ancient pile. There could not be a better example of this than Hampton Court, where the chimney-stacks are a noble feature, yet after the country cousin, or even the town mouse, has visited the Palace, we do not hear them talking much about the chimneys; it is generally the Maze, the flower-beds, the Dutch garden, the fountains, and, of course, the vine; nobody has a word for the chimneys. Indispensable as we consider chimneys to be in these days (coal fires without them being well-nigh impossible), they were an almost unknown luxury up to about the year 1200.

The chafing-dish must have seemed a cheerless thing compared with an open fireplace, or even with the *ofen* of the Continent, which looks less comforting than it is; but that, or a brazier, was all that the fair ladies of olden times who lived in



J. Valentine &amp; Sons, Ltd.

PANDF-RODYN, DOLGELLY.

Copyright

courts and castles had to warm their dainty fingers. How they must have enjoyed leaving their bowers and broderies for a good toast in the retainer's hall, or in the rafted kitchen, where upon its wide hearth huge faggots would be blazing! No wonder the châtelaines of other days loved cooking! At Eberington Hall, now a farmhouse, is a magnificent fireplace, just such an one as they would have revelled in. The room where it stands, now used as a kitchen, was once the hall of the old Elizabethan house, and still retains its gallery, railed off from the room below.

From the twelfth century onwards it is interesting to trace the growth of chimneys, and I fear it must be added, eventually, their decadence in point of beauty. The earliest chimneys that comforted our forefathers were built to come only a short way up the wall, and holes were made at the side to let the smoke escape. When architects and builders discovered what a capital plan it was to carry the flue right up the wall and have a shaft above, then began the reign of beauty on the housetop. They gave us spires, pinnacles, circular forms, and sometimes a square with cornices, such as may be seen at Sherborne, Dorset, 1320. Chepstow Castle, 1320, has a fine old chimney with apertures at the side, and another more quaint, if less beautiful, is the Old Woodstock chimney, on the house where the Black Prince is said to have been born. Almshouses (old ones) frequently have chimneys that give a feeling of deep content, which we must hope is shared by the inhabitants. Some such may be noticed about the Valley of the Thames, creeper-covered and looking full of peace, and at Selworthy is an

ancient group of almshouses where the chimney-stacks meet the sheltering arms of giant trees. The ruins of Fawsley, Daventry, the Old Hall, Coniston, and a stone-built pile at Pandf-Rodyn, Dolgelly, all give good examples of the picturesque in chimneys.

The burning of coal instead of wood was of course the great factor in making chimneys common. Coal was hated and it was feared, but it was useful, and made its way. By Charles II.'s time the chimney had become quite a usual feature of domestic architecture. Always ingenious, this monarch found a novel use for them by inventing the chimney-tax. He placed a crown duty on every fireplace in a house. The revenue from this amounted to £200,000 a year. No one enjoyed paying "chimney money," as it was called, and



J. Valentine &amp; Sons, Ltd.

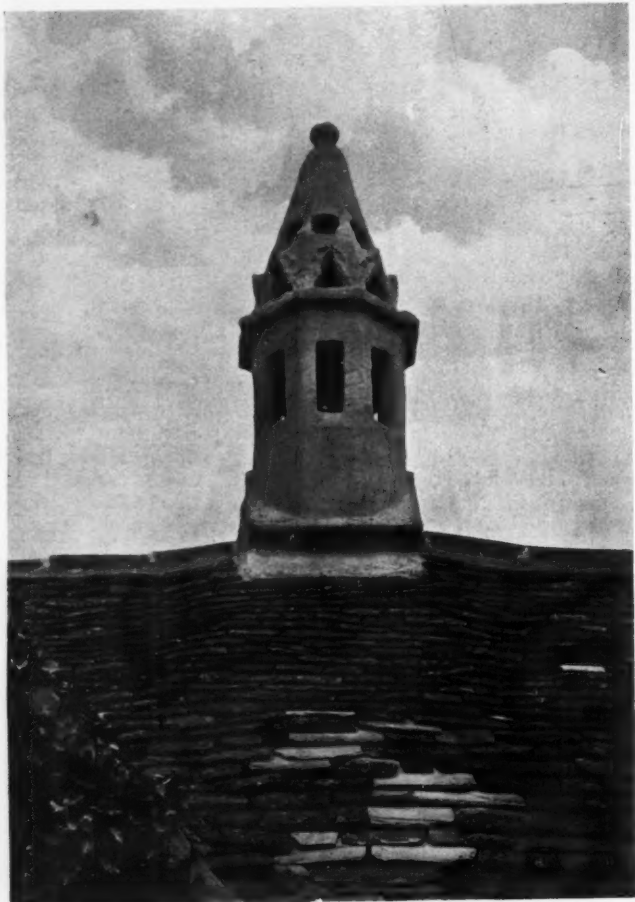
OLD HALL, CONISTON.

Copyright

after a great deal of grumbling the unpopular tax was repealed by William and Mary.

Coming into London, or any other large town, among forests of chimneys, it is impossible not to notice how diverse are their shapes and forms, and how remarkably full of expression. The cowl on yonder chimney might be a scowl, for it is just as indicative of bad temper beneath; someone has been driven by it to distraction. Another chimney will look as good-natured as possible, but may have a troublesome companion who is vocal, and wails and howls too much o' nights. Other chimneys stand in groups, and seem friendly with each other, engaging in converse or the mazy dance. Quaintest of all it is when one of the quiet ones suddenly rouses up, whirls round, and whispers to his neighbour, as if struck by an idea which must be instantly communicated.

There are certain occasions when people who otherwise



Taunt. CHIMNEY ON BLACK PRINCE'S HOUSE. Copyright

would never notice chimneys are almost forced to do so. It is while reclining in front of a peculiarly light window, head and body supported by a chair, long, large, cushioned, padded, generally pivoted, but full of aches and pains. So placed, though lips perforce are dumb, the mind must work, and the chimneys of the houses opposite become of absorbing interest, often the only solace of a tedious if not a bitter hour. Travellers by railroad in the North of England have their ideas of chimneys greatly enlarged. Passing through the manufacturing districts it is impossible not to be impressed, and almost awed, by their size and number. From the windows we watch the



J. Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

SELWORTHY ALMSHOUSES.

Copyright



Taunt. EBERINGTON, FIREPLACE IN THE HALL. Copyright

"Ranging hills on the banks with many a line against the sky and shadows,  
And the city at hand, with dwellings so dense and stacks of chimneys,  
And all the scenes of life and the workshops."

But night is the time of times for viewing the black country, the land of flame and furnace, of the clang of iron and foundries, of whirling wheels and chimneys, of red and yellow glare, of fire and smoke. One of the most depressing sights in the whole world is a house in the throes of demolition. Tumbling walls and torn papers are bad enough, but the thing that rends our hearts is the tier of ruined fireplaces, as they stand one above the other, each telling his own tale as plainly as if he could speak. The kitchen with its shattered hearth, whence the cricket has departed, the barren firesides of the dwelling-rooms and the smaller bedroom grates, where baby's pink toes have been warmed and many a merry tea-kettle has sung. It gives the same jarred sensation when, wandering among the mouldering walls of castle or ancient monastery, we come upon the deserted hearthstone, its capacious chimney still blackened by the smoke of a day that is dead. The old fireside, once the brightest spot, is always the saddest in any deserted dwelling.

Chimneys may at different times look majestic, dignified, even beautiful, but never so friendly as to a traveller who has lost his way and got out of touch with humanity. Then what a joy it is to see a chimney, however humble may be the roof that bears it, with its smoke-wreaths gently curling skywards, telling of home and habitation; without the chimney and the smoke the house-place would be dumb.



Even the stay-at-homes, who have kept vigil, may be, "watching the casement window grow a glimmering square," have often been cheered by the sight of the first smoke rising at early dawn from a neighbour's chimney; a trifle, but the sense of companionship, and the feeling that someone else is awake and stirring in a dead world, is reassuring and gives new heart and comfort. Chimneys, indeed, are never so pleasing as when at sundown we see them among the red roofs of cottage dwellings, the blue smoke floating up among the shafts of sunshine, over wood and trees; one sees as in a flash the cheerful hearth, the cosy ingle-corner, the pervading peace of home and work accomplished. A house without a fire is like a body without a heart-beat, or a man without a wife.

"I roam baith north and south,  
I wanner east an' west,  
Monie bonnie things I see,  
But one I lo'e the best:  
It is na prood kings' palaces,  
Nor women rich and fair;  
It's the smoke o' little chimneys  
In the dim blue air."

F. A. B.



J. Valentine &amp; Sons, Ltd.

RUINS OF FAWSLEY, DAVENTRY.

Copyright

## A FAIR IN OLD ENGLAND.

"ERE'S a beauty! 'Ere's a pearl! This is 'ow they all ought to be made! Good old Hireland!"

These and a series of similar ejaculations, uttered in a strangely confused blending of Cockney and Dorset, greet us as we enter that section of the fair ground which is set apart for the sale of horses. The various "lots" are hurried hither and thither to the accompaniment of ear-splitting yells and howls; sticks are rattled in the crowns of hard felt bowler hats, flags, many-hued, and composed of "glazed lining" (such as used to be in constant demand for covering with muslin and draping dressing-tables and pin-cushions in the time of our aunts) are vigorously crackled, and

fairs in the West of England, and much the greatest of any in this county. Vast quantities of hops, cloth, cheese, and almost all commodities were sold here; on the first day by wholesale, on the rest by retail. . . . It is a very considerable fair, which begins on September 18th and lasts to September 23rd, inclusive." This classification of the several days is further detailed by some of the older residents in the neighbourhood, many of whom are able to recollect when the fair still occupied six days. According to these, the first day was the "wholesale"; the second, "gentle-folks"; the third, "poorfolks," or "allfolks"; the fourth and fifth, "sheep and horse"; and the sixth, "pack and penny" day, this last title arising from the fact that the vendors, to

obviate the necessity of packing up more things than need be, were open to accept low offers and make startling reductions. To give some idea of the vast numbers of people who visited this fair, not merely for enjoyment, but to purchase the actual necessities of life, one individual tells how, on the return journey, it was no unusual thing for the whole six miles between his house and the hill to be covered with one unbroken string of vehicles, so close to one another that the heads of the horses drawing the hinder waggon were practically touching the back of the waggon which preceded it.

From a six days' duration of important trading, the fair has gradually dwindled down until it has reached a one day's "carnival," and it will in all probability soon cease to exist, except in memory and the life-paintings of Thomas Hardy's Wessex novels.

The pleasure side of the fair is of the usual varied order. There are the penny and twopenny side shows, the legless and armless individual who writes letters, rides a bicycle, etc., the bearded skeleton, the missing link, and the penny

peep-show, containing pictures of the most horrible and atrocious crimes on record. One picture in especial is a particular favourite; it represents a house on fire, and a lady, in scant attire, gracefully diving from a top window, with the apparent intention of impaling herself on some spiked railings! "Observe," says the showman, in a perfectly monotonous, sing-song tone, void of any attempt at emphasis or punctuation, "observe 'ow 'er lovely golden tresses fly out into the night wind; observe the look of fear in 'er bloodshot eyes; and 'ow she dreads to meet them iron spikes with 'er 'ead; observe the flames, the cruel flames, a-reaching hout to try and wrap 'er in their cruel embrace; observe the gallant fireman a-'urryin' round the corner to the bloody scene, and all in vain, 'cos 'e's too late."



THE ROAD UP THE HILL.

the horses snort, rear, and plunge in a way decidedly disconcerting to the ordinary onlooker, but satisfactory in the extreme to the seller and buyer; especially to the former, because it has the effect of disguising any little untoward peculiarities to which the animal may be prone.

The horse fair forms the nucleus, and, together with a few pens of sheep, is all that now remains of what was once the most important trading fair of the South and West of England.

The hill on which the fair is held was originally of British, or Belgic-British construction, and, later, formed one of the permanent Roman camps. Hutchins, in his "History of Dorset," tells us that the fair was first granted in the reign of Henry III., and says: "It was one of the most considerable

Then there is the inevitable lady giantess, aged, but dressed up to represent a young girl. That her attempt in this direction is a failure is evident, for a local shepherd in the tent remarks: "She d'put me in mind of a wold ewe dressed out lamb fashion!" The "fattest man on earth" always draws a crowd, and you hear the ladies boast of how he deigned to shake hands with them. There is a boxing booth, of course, and in this particular one there is a little drama enacted from year to year with unfailing regularity. You pay your twopence, enter the tent, and get as close as may be to the ropes. The ringman makes a short speech to the effect that Jem Caliban, the man of world-wide reputation, will stand up to Bill Smasher, the African negro, who has fought in five hundred matches and has never been beaten. You are further requested to maintain a death-like silence, but in the event of anything occurring which in your opinion merits applause, to "put your 'ands together and give 'em a clap."

After a few rounds have been fought, the hat is circulated and a collection made for the contestants, and then begins the drama. The ringman looks around and enquires whether any gentleman would care to put on the gloves and stand up to Jem? A somewhat awkward silence ensues, during which everyone looks at his neighbour as much as to say, "Why don't you have a try?" and is merely answered by a similar significant look. Suddenly the silence is broken by murmurs at the back of the tent, and cries of "Goo on, Jarge, thee beest the man vor en; goo at en; baint a-veerd on, be 'ee?" And Jarge, the local blacksmith, steps forward and enters the arena. The gloves are adjusted, the opponents shake hands, and in two seconds Jarge is lying on his back and rubbing his eyes and studying astronomy. He is soon on his legs again, and the same farce is repeated, until Jarge tires of the one-sided amusement, and decides to postpone further hostilities until next fair day. On a few occasions Jem Caliban has been "had." Once, in answer to a further invitation from the ringman, a stout and elderly farmer, of a vacuous turn of countenance, was pushed forward by his friends, and, *nolens volens*, had the gloves fastened on to his ponderous hands. At first he strongly objected to fight, but eventually agreed to one round. At the cry of "Time!" Jem began to frolic round the farmer in the orthodox fashion, but the farmer stood with his mouth open and a perfectly inane grin on his face, his hands hanging limply at his sides. Jem treated him to a few light back-handers on the mouth, just to wake him up a bit, but only succeeded in intensifying the grin. The onlookers began to shout with



THE ENTRANCE TO THE FAIR.

laughter, when suddenly, without the slightest warning, he put in his "right" straight on the tip of Jem's nose, and knocked him right over the ropes! Of course, Jem wanted to retaliate, but our bucolic friend merely retained his grin, and, pulling off the gloves, said: "No, mate, we agreed to have one round, and you won't catch this child breaking his word."

Plenty of shooting galleries are to be found: the bobbing egg supported on a jet of water, backed up by bottles suspended by strings, and shot at with rifles whose chief excitement lies in the uncertainty of their "going off." Swing-boats are fashionable, and thither "Jack" delights to take his "Jill," and, assuming a *vis-à-vis* position, oscillate her to the tune of "White Wings," admirably rendered by the "steam orchestra." The steam orchestra is attached to and forms the inner circle of the "Jerry-go-nimble," or galloping horses, on which old and young, rich and poor, male and female, delight to ride in deafening proximity to the organ, which from time to time loses its head completely, and, oblivious of the conventionalities of harmony, gives vent to quaint howls and shrieks of protracted agony. Aunt Sally finds followers at three shots a penny, and a cigar (*sic*) to reward the lucky individual who succeeds in upsetting the equilibrium of the hinged icon.

In case of hunger there is the luncheon booth, where you can obtain anything that you may want, and very often a few things which you do *not* want, but which you get all the same. But, there, it does not do to be hypercritical—a little clean dirt in the sandwiches probably aids digestion! And if there is a slight extra proportion of water in the beer, it won't poison us—just for once! Other stalls exhibit ginger-bread nuts, parti-coloured peppermint sticks, bulls'-eyes, and pastries of unique design and workmanship, containing—well—an indescribable something.

The "variety" stalls show a little of everything, including china, glass, and "ornaments" for the mantel-piece, the latter more conspicuous for their truth to nature than for the refinement of the subjects they represent. Hazel nuts are a decided feature. They are gathered locally in the neighbouring woods, and sell readily at one penny per pint, or twopence for "slips"—slips being the local name for those which are free from husks. Winkles may be obtained for one penny per plate, *pin*, pepper, and vinegar inclusive.

The Cheap Jack flourishes, and in his hoarse voice runs down the chromatic scale from one-and-sixpence to a penny, finds a purchaser at the latter price, and recommences to offer the next article, a precisely similar one, at the prohibitive figure, gradually



SELLING THE FIRST LOT.



coming down until he touches the purchaser's price of one penny, when again the article changes hands. Now and then someone in the crowd may purchase at, say, threepence. The Cheap Jack's eyes gleam with satisfaction, and he seems to say to himself: "Were it not for a certain proportion of fools in this world, how could an honest man come by his due?" The Cheap Jack is a philosopher, a man who has studied human nature to some advantage—his own.

The itinerant photographer drives a brisk trade in tin-types, and is afforded ample scope for his naturally artistic soul to expand. "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever"—until it fades. By comparing the production with the original we realise that although the camera, like George Washington, is incapable of falsehood, yet there may be, and often is, a liar of considerable ability behind it.

It is interesting to note the effect which the fair and its

attractions has on the individual. Prejudices are laid aside, conventional constraint is forgotten, and the awful dread of "losing caste" is overcome. The grave and taciturn "professor" spreads his lower limbs and grips the shiny sides of his "Jerry-go-nimble" steed; the man in clerical garb unbends and glances at the fascinations of the "penny peep-show" (merely in the interests of science, of course); the representative of "the Army" actually stoops and risks bagging the knees of his nether garments in his ardent endeavour to bag cokenuts. And you should just see the squire, illustrious descendant of a thousand earls at least; he forgets his lineage, but remembers that to upset "Aunt Sally," and thereby obtain "a priceless weed," it is essential to keep one's temper and appear oblivious of the derisive shouts which greet every shot that flies wide of the mark.

## WING SEN'S SUCCESS.

A TALE THAT MIGHT BE TRUE.

WING SEN was a fat, dirty, copper-coloured baby of five years old. She was all but naked, and quite unashamed, for there is no school of millinery or of morals WHERE THE RIVER BOATS HUDDLE IN HUNDREDS against the roadway just

above the first bridge by the club at Singapore. There, where the smells of town and tideway mix, rising from slimy street and sluggish stream, was the home of Wing Sen, a crazy boat, with cabin almost fit for the kennel of a decent dog, which was the habitation of three human beings, Foo Chan the waterman, Wing Loo his wife, and their baby child. There was also a crew, One-legged Lin, but he, being a menial, lived apart, for there is caste and class distinction even among the Chinese of Singapore. One-legged Lin was on "continuous service" afloat, being unable to earn a living on shore with his one remaining limb, or to buy himself a timber-toe to assist it. On board he could pull a strong oar and make himself useful, and his command of a small and select vocabulary of nautical English made him invaluable in dealing with bluejacket customers. He was also the nurse and devoted slave of Wing Sen, and a notable spinner of yarns. From him Wing Sen had already learned her fill of stories of dragons, portents, monsters, and miracles, such as the child brain greedily accepts and remembers, whatever be the colour or race or land.

One day there came down to the river-side the Headman of that ward of Chinatown with great news to tell. He addressed an impromptu meeting. He explained that the King of England had sent word to him that the Prince, his son, was about to visit Singapore with the Princess, being desirous of making the further acquaintance of so celebrated a subject as the Headman of the river-ward. In passing, Their Royal Highnesses would also visit the Governor and other less distinguished persons.

"Wherefore," said he, "seeing that it is the King, the Son of the Heavens, who sends to us the English devils, who ride in rickshaws and pay even many rupees more than is legal, when they are drunk, and also the ladies who have big feet and buy silks for three and four times their value, it behoves us who are born British subjects, and are not as other men are, to welcome this Prince and his lady with all magnificence. Every man will therefore contribute certain annas, and THE RIVER-WARD SHALL BE DECORATED with lanterns, and ornaments, and flowers, and all such things as are customary to celebrate a Royal progress. Moreover, a great dragon shall be made, who shall crawl through the streets to the sound of much music, and the foreign devils, seeing him, shall tremble at the work of the celestial people."

So many applauded, but others said, "Seeing that there be some of us who have no annas, and but few pice, how shall we pay?"

Then the Headman, who was very wise, answered them, "There will be work for many men in the making of posts and lamps and such-like things, and he who cannot pay shall labour instead, and so justice shall be done. Also the King will send ships with officers, who will buy things of no value at a price; and make-learn officers "(midshipmen)" who, when they are merry, will beat the rickshaw-men, and give them money lest they cry out; and sailors who may be robbed as you row them out to

their ships at night; so that there will be much pidgin "(business), and all shall have money and to spare."

So the men marvelled at the Headman's wisdom, and he went away. But Foo Chan followed him, and covenanted that he, being a man of importance, and an employer of labour, should be set over the making of great fishes and sea monsters.



WHERE THE RIVER BOATS HUDDLE IN HUNDREDS.

which he would fashion and hang up along the river-side. "And in them," he said, "I will set lamps, and on their bellies I will paint the sayings of Chung-foo-tse "(Confucius)," so that the Prince shall marvel at the wonders of China and the wisdom of the teacher."

Then Foo Chan made an agreement with the boatmen that they should work for him, and that he should pay them. "Lest," said he, "the Headman should compel you to work, and, being very wise, pay you nothing." So the men consented, for they knew the Headman. But thereout Foo Chan sucked no small advantage, seeing he paid them not one-half of the wages for which he had agreed with the Headman. So there was rejoicing in the house-boat when he returned and told his wife what he had done. Also there were for supper sweet cakes fried in fish oil and other luxuries, and Wing Sen was very ill on the morrow. Then Foo Chan, to comfort her, stole a large and many-coloured picture of the Princess, and brought it on board, saying that it was the likeness of the Daughter of the Heavens, who was about to visit Chinatown. And the picture being nailed on the side of the cabin, Wing Sen made joss to it four times a day, and was happy.

Now One-legged Lin was a cunning workman, having, indeed, been apprenticed to a basket-maker, whom he robbed before he went to sea as cook and lost his leg in a steam winch. And he took bamboos, and split them and plaited them, twisting the knots tight with wet fish-gut, and he fashioned a great fish, whose belly was that of a horse, and his length that of two men, and he covered it with paper and with varnish, and painted

devices thereon, and set a place for a lamp in it. Meanwhile Wing Sen sat and watched him, being at first mightily afraid of the beast, but afterwards she would talk to him and pat him, and she pulled at his tongue, which was forked, and red, and shiny, and when she shook him he rattled his tin scales, and Wing Sen laughed at the noise, and said he laughed too.

One day, when the time was almost come for the visit of the King's son, Foo Chan brought news that the daughter of the Headman was to be greatly honoured, being permitted to present to the Princess a basket of flowers and a jewelled casket. Then Wing Sen wept sore, for she was of one age with the Headman's daughter, and she wished also to make her offering. And her father laughed, but One-legged Lin told her a story of how a poor maiden loved a great Princess from afar, and how a kind sea monster carried her present of country flowers to the palace, where they turned to jewels in the lady's hand. Also, but that does not concern this tale, he told how the poor maiden married a great noble, and lived happy all her days. So Wing Sen was comforted, and she put offerings into the fish's mouth, which One-legged Lin took and put under the Princess's picture, so that she knew his story was true.

On the eve of the great day of the Royal progress, Foo Chan carried the great fish ashore and tied cords to his head and his tail by which to hoist him up till he gaped wide-mouthed in mid-road under the arch where the procession would enter. And in the morning, when Wing Sen found her champion gone, she clamoured with tears to be put on shore by him, and would not be denied. So she sat in his shadow where he lay by the water-side, and, having a sugar cane to suck and half a gourd whereon to make music, was content. Foo Chan was busy in the building of many arches across the street, and afterwards he was to win great fame, being the head of the great dragon which he had devised and made. Wing Loo was at work preparing a feast for the evening, and evil odours arose from the chatty where she was compounding sticky and high-smelling dainties. As One-legged Lin was very drunk, having bought trade gin with the fruits of his labours, the baby was alone in the world, the world of dry land which she so seldom visited. But being a baby of intelligence, she was not afraid. A pair of bright lithe lizards came out, and she sat very still till they crawled over her toes and tickled her. A mongrel puppy sidled up and nuzzled his cold nose against her. The day was full of incident. She

she went back and sat down and talked to her own fish, telling him he was the finest of them all. "And, my lord Fish, will you not carry a gift to the great Lady from her slave Wing Sen?"

There passed by two Englishmen who looked at the beast with approval and photographed him. But Wing Sen, fearing the evil eye, would not be looked at by the camera, but howled dismally. "Rum little brown beggar," said one, "give her an



"THE RIVER-WARD SHALL BE DECORATED."

anna and let's get on." So they patted her head and gave her pennies, and she showed her white teeth as she grinned her gratitude.

Then came bluejackets in company. "Ello, mate, 'ere's Jonah's whale what the parson talked of o' Sunday!" "Blimey, if it aint," said another, and pondered over it unsteadily. "Seems as 'ow Jonah 'e might 'ave been only a kiddy, and that's 'ow he found stowage room in 'is 'old. Must be right, o' course, 'cos the book says so." The solemn mood of semi-intoxication passed into action, and the spirit of schoolboy mischief awoke. A few pence procured sweets and gaudy artificial flowers, the sailors soon made friends with the baby, and they left her sleeping in the belly of the fish, clutching her presents tightly, and dreaming of dreams that came true.

MEN CAME TO HOIST THE FISH into his appointed place. He was heavy, but they were in a hurry, and noticed nothing as they swung him up and left him. Wing Sen slept on till the approaching wave of cheers and the noise of the cavalcade roused her. She rubbed her eyes and crawled into the gaping mouth of the beast. Half awake, she did not know if she were dreaming or not.

Then she realised it all. One-legged Lin was no liar then, after all, despite what her father said. Here were the horsemen—see their plumes nodding; and how bright and sharp their lances were! And the soldiers—were there then so many soldiers in the world? And now carriages with ladies in them, and gay uniforms, and knights riding with gleaming bare swords in their hands. Then one big carriage all by itself, and surely this was the lady whose picture she had worshipped. Reaching out, she dropped her handful of flowers and her few sweets into the carriage as Royalty rolled past underneath. The lady did not see who threw them, but a bluejacket—her friend of the morning—noted it with a sailor's watchful eye. "Mate," he said, "see Missis Jonah a-looking out?" and he laughed. Then suddenly, "Gawd! she's falling; gangway there!" The crowd parted, a barricade went down, he caught a little soft bundle of humanity before it reached ground, and stood stroking and patting it with a rough-handed tenderness, while a gabbling group of native police assembled to arrest him for disorderly conduct. "Stand clear," he growled; "I'd scupper a dozen of you 'eathens for this 'ere kiddy Jonah." So he kept her till the crowd had gone, and waited till he could find to whom she belonged and could return her safe and sound. For which cause he broke his leave and got seven days' *roA*, and a day's pay stopped.

But the story was known, for the police reported it, and on the morrow there came another carriage with two ladies



MEN CAME TO HOIST THE FISH.

toddled up the street, beating her gourd, as far as the corner, where Blind Jan begged, but he was dozing, and woke up to snarl at her like a dog, and he reached for his stick. So she came away. Then she looked into the grain store, but did not go in, for she feared the rats, especially the wicked grey one who had stolen her dinner from her hand one day when she was asleep between two sacks. She looked at all the painted monsters, the flying dragons and the big lanterns, and then



in it, who brought a real picture of the great Princess to be given to Wing Sen. And Foo Chan has bought a box of wonderful Chinese workmanship, in which to keep the picture, and in the river-ward of Chinatown at Singapore the story of Wing Sen

and the great fish is retold daily, and the tale and the picture will pass as heirlooms to the children's children of the brown baby Wing Sen, daughter of Foo Chan and Wing Loo his wife.  
Wm. H.

## THINGS ABOUT OUR NEIGHBOURHOOD.

ESMERALDA is the social member of our family. She tells us what things we've got to go to in the way of tennis parties and dinners, and in just what strength; and she sees that Father is not badgered into the wrong committees, and does not take the chair at meetings that are going to be of no account.

She has that marvellous instinct for "rightness" which it is so difficult to describe; she always has had it. About everything that she takes up or touches it is the same, Esmeralda knows when that thing is "right." About horses—well, of course, she is *hors concours* about horses; everybody consults her over hunters.

The Admiral, who, as he says himself, is the true "Jack ashore" on a horse, implored her to go up to Tattersall's and pick him out something clever. She went up and stayed three days at Aunt Pleydell's, and met him at Tattersall's twice, but she bought his hunter not ten miles from Pennondale, because, apart from other qualities, when she tried him over a country, the beast proved to have "a good nose for wire." Esmeralda declares that some horses smell wire and some don't; in our county if you wish to come home after a day's hunting you ride one that *does*. Her opinion on flowers, fruit, and vegetables—anything, in fact—is equally good. She does not tell you if it is delicate or robust, pretty or ugly, profitable or unprofitable—she merely tells you if it is "right." About the raspberries this year she was admirable, but maddening. I grow the raspberries—I am responsible for the whole garden, but I take exceptional pains with fruit. I picked a cabbage leaf for her one evening of enormous purplish pink Superlatives, each one a thimble, and a small handful of Fastolffs—the little old red kind. Esmeralda said the Superlatives, which everybody knows are the raspberry to-day, had a "cold clothy taste"—as if a raspberry could taste of *cloth*—and that the Fastolffs were, considered as raspberries, right. Father, who only eats fruit at breakfast, was interested in this, and said he would test it. For him I grow the sauterne-coloured Antwerps, but I brought in the two other kinds as well. (You know, I hope, that a raspberry to be had in perfection must be gathered before 8 a.m. or after 8 p.m.?) We sat upon them solemnly, and Esmeralda was so strenuous that every Superlative I ate tasted more and more of cold pink flannel, and the yellow Antwerps—hung till they were of an apricot-pink tone—and the Fastolffs carried the day.

I am adventuring for next season a bed made upon a new plan (at least I have never seen it), and putting in Superlative's golden child "The Guinea." Pearson seems to promise that it is "brisk" in flavour; this, I imagine, will be held to be "right"! But the beds: I have had made in strong wire and painted green, a thing such as you see a young tree surrounded with in town or in some horrid park. (Never in a *nice* park!) But instead of the wires being upright, they each take an outward curve, so that at the bottom, the thing is roins. in diameter, and at the top nearly 3ft. across. It stands 5ft. out of the ground, and has nine wires, and three strengthening rings round it. People nearly always tell you to leave six canes; I am going to leave nine, one will be tied to each wire. The bed, which was a parsnip bed last winter, and carried celery the year before, has been worked over 3ft. deep, and is wonderfully rich. I mixed in a lot of builders' lime and plaster when we pulled down the old laundry, as our land is naturally very fat; and I am persuaded that, done like that, nine canes will not be too heavy a draught, especially as each cane is really a separate plant, though connected with the others. The netting of these cages will be particularly pretty; a wooden barrel hoop, which I get from the cooper, is covered with a round of net, cut exactly, and then a fall of net to the ground will be *netted on*; this will sit neatly on the top of the cage, each of which, as Esmeralda wickedly says, will no doubt have its own thrush inside it! Perhaps I shall improve on this somehow when I actually see it going; but at present I think it better than tying the canes like fans along strung wires—at any rate, it will be funnier and jollier to pick from.

By dint of treatment Semper Fidelis gave us a fine crop towards the end of September, and I heard of people—but only people in a newspaper, and, of course, one does not quite feel they are people—who had good fruit on October 18th. Somehow, I think this "autumn fruiting variety" idea is all nonsense, and that any raspberry will fruit late if the early canes are taken away, and it is obliged to make a second effort to fulfil itself. A good deal can be done in gardening if the idea is kept firm hold of that a healthy plant *wants* to flower and fruit, and will be restless and uneasy and full of growth until it does. The timid book-

gardener, and many a trained professional overgrown with that deadly creeper which is called *Habita Conventionalis*—these both think that you must plant this or that *now* and *only* now. But with the seasons all so mixed up as they are in England, ten days of spring occurring at the end of July, will rush a whole lot of seeds into green life, and a fortnight of parching summer at the end of May cheats your bedding plants into stunted bloom before they are out of their boxes.

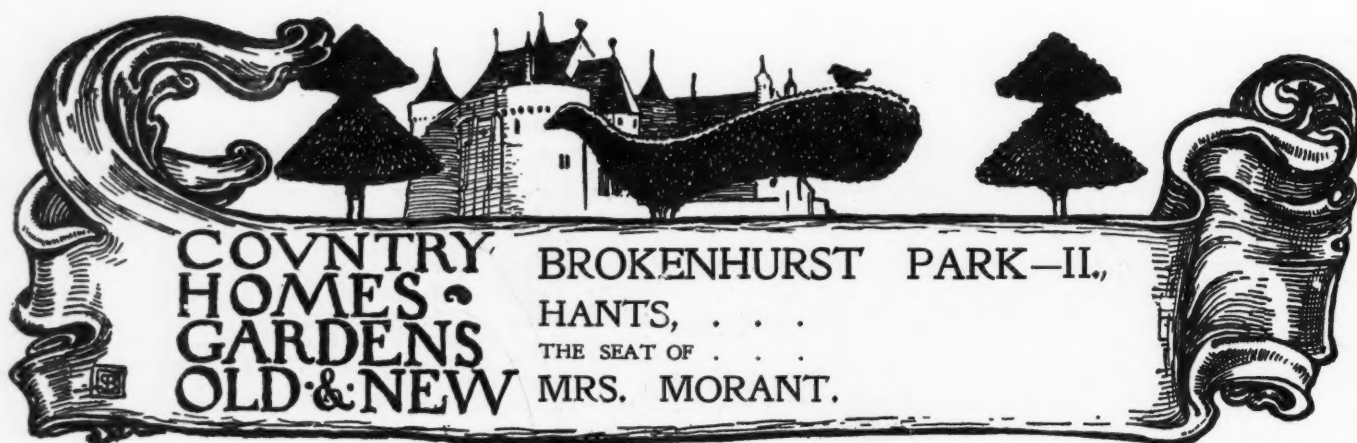
The true gardener, the man who has power over the flowers, who calls the sap and it rises, invokes the bud, or beckons and the branch reaches towards him—*this* man never bothers about a calendar. He knows his way about his kingdom, the highway and the byways, and short cuts too, he knows. He has learnt the great secret of control. I think that is what man always pines for—control, over objects animate and inanimate. The juggler controls his muscles and his nerve, and one day the man who works hard and sees far and keeps his light burning starts in and controls himself. That true gardener that I speak of, he is seldom to be found at 35s. a week and a cottage, free vegetables, and a ton of coal. For the most part I have found him working on his own account, somewhere at the back of somewhere else. There are rough sheds round him and marvellous contrivances in the way of frames, constructed without much wood or glass, but with a full measure of that "jumping power" which makes a frame a frame.

One such man I remember in Devon, where Father and Mother had a holiday house one season. By trade he was not a gardener; he was something connected with a very sluggish pony named Jassie. Her he drove away at morning and returned with anxious eyes upon the daylight. With as much haste as is possible to a man who works in time with Nature (who is slow) he unbuckles the harness and Jassie has a "lick" of hay, while he drains, with uncouth rattle, scalding tea from a cup "mother" has filled him. "The days gets so short, Miss," he says, with an apologetic sweep of his hand across his mouth, and then I follow him to watch his wizardry among the flowers. Never was budding-knife so fine and smooth in the bone as his; I think the briars can hardly have known a wound. He had large, stout fingers, coarse every way, but there was an elephantine dexterity about them when he lifted a bud, and a tenderness. He grew ericas finer than a Piccadilly florist ever saw, in an astonishing building—if that may be called a building which has never been built but has grown—underneath which a black Devon sow reared exotic families, covered, seemingly, like bazaar toys, in black satin. I never shall know how that pig stood the heat that ericas want, and how the poor ericas stood the . . . the other things that pigs apparently want; but "Alfred"—such was his meek name—could make anything happen, and there was no quarrel between creatures of the different kingdoms when they met beneath his rule. Oleanders, he had in superb health, and such a grove of tiny oranges in pots, below the fantail loft. "Mother" ran a little dairy, and her scalded cream was the best of anyone's; also she mismanaged tearfully a second family of eight, with which she had been "left," poor soul! Alfred, viewed as a son, was so remote an incident to her that indeed, I think, she forgot him a good deal. Furthermore, as is usual, at least in that class, with any member who has a great gift, Alfred was regarded as "soft."

Before we left that autumn (ah! Vale of Taw, shall I ever forget you and the white mists crawling among the river flags?) I learned that Alfred's true career was supposed to lie in "hire-carten"; hence Jassie and her daily jaunt; but I never saw that anything in the cart, except "Mother's" butter and cream for Barum market and a gallon of "hurts" (whortle-berries) collected by "the eight" on Coddon Hill. Terry and I—Terry was home that year, on leave from Belgrade (Terry's quite an *old* friend)—Terry and I used to sit for hours among the blowing tassels of the cotton-grass on lovely Coddon Hill, and he would tell me of the curve the Danube makes below the prison in the Servian capital. Looking out from Coddon and seeing Taw creep seaward, I used to fancy I could see it. Terry's in Petersburg now, and writes me of the Neva and the Island Park—but he never seems to get home.

I suppose it's my beautiful myrtle—Alfred's modest gift to me when we left that September—which I have just brought in for the winter that has set me thinking of all that time; it has been beaded with cream-pink buds fit for a bride's bouquet, and is now in berry and so sweet!

(To be continued.)

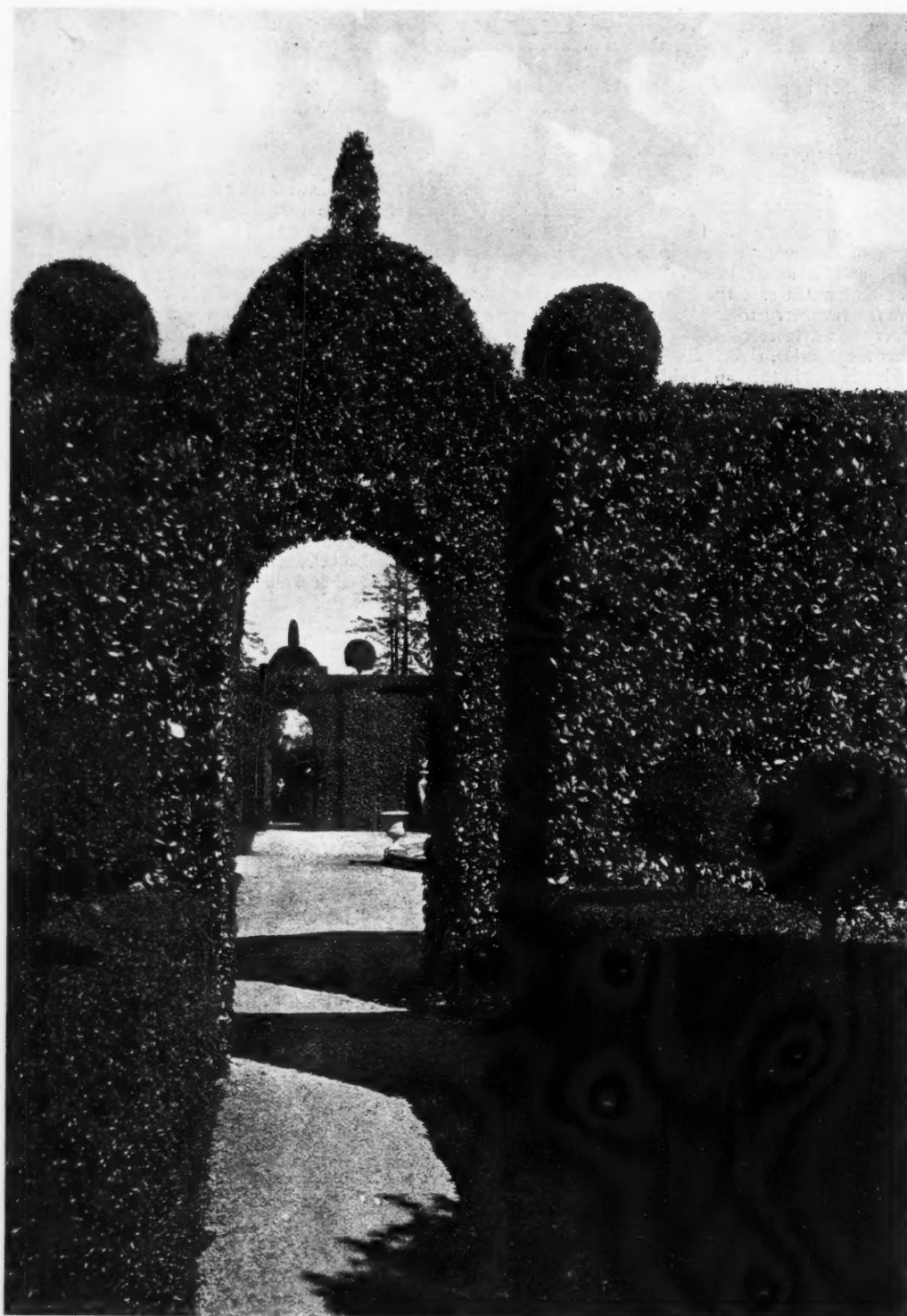


NOW, having surveyed the forest surroundings of Brokenhurst Park, let us approach the mansion itself, in order to taste the sweetness of its gardens, noting first, with excellent Gilpin, that true lover of the New Forest, who sleeps

in the Boldre churchyard not far away, how gracious are the broad features of the outlook. He described the prospect as complete both in the foreground and the distance. "The former is an elevated park scene, consisting of a great variety of ground,

well planted, and descending into the plain below. Among the trees which adorn it are a few of the most venerable oaks of the Forest, probably of an age long prior to the Conquest. From this grand foreground is presented an extensive forest view. It consists of a wide range of flat pasturage, garnished with tufted clumps, and wooded promontories shooting into it, contrasted with immense woods, which occupy all the rising grounds above it and circle the horizon. The contrast between the open and woody parts of the distance, and the grandeur of this park, are in the highest style of picturesque beauty." How rare is the attraction of such a prospect will be realised in imagination when it is remembered that there is in the foreground the garden we illustrate—a garden so sweet, quaint, and beautiful that the artist loves to depict it. The Brokenhurst garden, indeed, furnished one of the most fascinating scenes in the delightful garden pictures of Mr. G. S. Elgood, R.I.

The Morants of Brokenhurst Park, in whose hands this garden has taken shape and grown, are old dwellers in the region of the New Forest. Veracious Burke tells us that they claim descent from the Moraunts of Moraunt's Court, Kent, who are said to have sprung from the ancient Norman house of Morant of Château Morant. Soon after the seizure of Jamaica, in 1655, John Morant settled in the island. To him succeeded his son John, and to him another John, which last gentleman was the father of Mr. Edward Morant, M.P. for Hindon 1761, Lymington 1776-78, and Yarmouth 1780-84, who died in 1791. His son succeeded him at Brokenhurst, and took, like himself, a great interest in the condition of the New Forest, and resisted what he regarded as the unwise measures of the Government in an attempt to regulate it. Mr. John Morant died in 1784, leaving an infant son of the same name to succeed to the estate. At this



Copyright

THE EMPERORS' COURT, WEST ENTRANCE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."





"COUNTRY LIFE."

GARDENS OLD AND NEW.—THE EMPERORS' STAIRWAY AT BROKENHURST PARK.

Copyright

time Brokenhurst House was temporarily the residence of Mr. Theophilus Foulks; but in due time the heir came of age and entered into his own, becoming a man of note in the county, a J.P. and D.L., and High Sheriff in 1820. He married a daughter of the sixteenth Earl of Erroll, and was the father of the late Mr. John Morant, who died a few years ago, having been High Sheriff of Hampshire in 1869. The present possessor is his son.

We may well imagine with what delight these successive squires of Hampshire have surveyed and beautified their great possession. It was a master hand that worked in the creation of these gardens, directed by a mind which had imbibed the classic spirit of Italy. Thus this Hampshire pleasure was invested with some of the charm that belonged to the great gardens of the southern land. The straight pathways between ilex and cypress, the gloom of the solemn green made radiant in the sunshine, the still ponds and canals reflecting the gods and heroes of old Rome, the marble stairs leading up by terraced heights to the walls of some old palazzo, seem to have their English counterparts in this truly imperial garden. There is a richness and beauty of detail and effect that is perhaps unrivalled in the land except in very few places indeed. Let us note the singular beauty and sequestered calm of the long walks between those lofty walls of ilex, the vista ended by some antique bust or figure. Think of the delight of entering that august pleasure through the golden gate. Mark the rare loveliness of the green court, with those admirable statues flanking the way to the place where the old medlar tree extends its arms over the seat in the shade.

Wherever we go there is something that well deserves to be called imperial. Look at the canal, with its water plants, leading



Copyright

THE CECIL WALK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

away from the mansion to the splendid steps to the Emperors' Court at the further end. It is worthy to be compared with any marble-lined canal, perhaps flanked with lofty arcades of yew and crested with globes, pyramids, or crowns, in any garden of Italy. No marble enframes the water at Brokenhurst, but there is something truly English in the work in brick and stone. The moulding of the margin is excellent indeed, and the fountain playing like an inconstant sprite, the amorini on their pedestals, and the flowering standard trees in their quaint pots along the way, with the bushes of yew trimmed to shape by the deft hand of the topiary gardener, are a right introduction to the double flight of steps beyond. At every corner and break there is a vase or urn richly carved, each of these



Copyright

THE EMPERORS' WALK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."





"COUNTRY LIFE."

GARDENS OLD AND NEW.—BROKENHURST PARK: THE CANAL.

Copyright



Copyright

THE GOLDEN GATES.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright

THE EMPERORS' GUARD.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



something of a masterpiece in its way, while all about are the coniferous trees so characteristic of Hampshire, and an abundance of flowers to kindle a new charm in the shadows.

The ascent at the end of the canal is worthy to compare with that beautiful flight at Clifton Hall, Nottingham, which has been noted as a marvel of garden architecture, and it leads to that Imperial Court where the busts of Julius and Augustus look upon "regions Cæsar never knew," fair as were the gardens of Ancient Rome. Here again is a beautiful basin, reflecting the enchanting scene, with other amorini by the fountain, and vases filled with flowers at the margin. Then, each in his arch, stands the bust of a Cæsar enframed in the greenery, and each one upon a sculptured pedestal. It is an arcade topped with globes of green, forming a wall and background to as fair a garden picture as you would wish to behold. It may be said, indeed, that here is a final expression of the gardener's art working in the classic style. The cunning hand of the craftsman has shaped these hedges to the garden-maker's need, and many as are the splendid hedges in England, where of a great many have been illustrated in these pages, there are few quite so characteristic as those at Brokenhurst. Two great uses may be marked in a dark hedge of yew or ilex; it gives that character of enclosure that is necessary, as most people think, in every good garden, and it affords shelter from the biting wind, thus nurturing the flowers, to whose radiance it is a foil and background.

The pictures are a better description of the Brokenhurst garden than any words can be. They disclose a pleasure such as few can create for themselves. Not everyone can emulate the hand that formed such a masterpiece. Not everyone can provide sculpture in vases and figures so rich and good. Never have we seen statuary better disposed. There is a completeness and harmonious character in the garden which could not be excelled. Let us note, as examples of richness, the cistern-heads or capitals used as pedestals in the fountain court. There are many of the kind in England which had their origin in Italy. The true cistern-heads belong, many of them, to the best period of the Renaissance, like the famous one by Sansovino at San Sebastiano; but in many parts of Italy the capitals of ancient columns have been converted into flower-pots or pedestals for statues or sundials, and ruined temples and monuments have furnished the materials for attractive garden features. Thus we find at Brokenhurst rich Corinthian capitals well employed.

Magnificent specimens used to be in the famous Lugovisi garden in Rome, which was the very garden of Sallust; but these have been scattered or destroyed. Diverted from their original purpose, such objects have found another use, and it is very pleasant to find them as features in such gardens as those of Brokenhurst and Kingston Lacy.

What is the presiding character to be discovered in this Hampshire garden? It is an air of equal dignity and repose. Design rules the whole, and the directing hand has done all things well. Where quaintness has been sought, it nowhere tends to exaggeration, and the picturesqueness resulting from the presence of curiously cut trees in columns and balls, of trim hedges flanking paths and stairways, is but one part of a picture,

and belongs to the composition of the whole. There is variety in the contrast of ilex with yew, and of both with the ivy-covered wall. The glossy ilex is less sombre than the yew, but where the two are found together the effect is all that one would wish. The ornamental trees are admirably placed, and there is never-failing pleasure in the constant variety of their unending green. Note, for example, how attractive is the Cecil Walk, with the verdant archway at the end. Again, how sequestered is the Emperors' Walk, with its yews and its grass border, bringing us through an archway into the garden beyond. But it is unnecessary to describe further what is illustrated so well. Let us, then, conclude by rendering a tribute of praise to those who have created one of the best of the classic gardens of England. The soil was propitious and the site was of the best, but there was needed a master mind and a master hand, and unstinted care as well. The New Forest is rich in its in-



Copyright

THE EMPERORS' RETREAT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

terests, but comparatively few know that it numbers among them the exquisite grounds of Brokenhurst Park.

## IN THE GARDEN.

THE TREE PEONY IN JAPAN.

A VERY interesting letter has been received from Mr. Unger, Yokohama, Japan: "Although we always think and speak of Japan as a small country, yet it took sixteen hours of continuous travel, in a fast train, to go from Yokohama to Osaka, that great commercial city, the Manchester or Liverpool of Japan. Leaving at 6.30 a.m. on May 2nd, we reached Osaka at 10 p.m., after a trying journey, for, although only the beginning of May, the heat was intense. Added to the

heat was the dirt, for the imperial Japanese railways use a very soft coal, producing such an amount of dirt that at my journey's end I was just about the colour of my adopted countrymen. . . . After a night's rest—European fashion—in the Osaka Club Hotel I was ready for another start. It takes time and patience to attain any end in this country. We started at 9.30 a.m. from the principal Osaka station, changing at a small suburban station, Kanzaki, for Ikeda, famous, perhaps, first for its 'sake' (Japanese rice wine), and secondly for its Peonies. At all the stations through which we had passed were large posters—the Japanese are certainly progressive—which, translated by my friends, proved to be invitations from the different growers to inspect their gardens. At 10.20 we reached Ikeda, but there was still a long jinriksha ride, through the usual endless Japanese villages, all, by the way, duly decorated with the flag of the 'Rising Sun,' in honour of the birth of the Imperial grandson.

"At last, in a village called Kinote, we had our first glimpse of the Peonies. There the owner of the garden was busy tying up large bunches to send to Osaka (the Japanese are great admirers of these flowers). I began to think I should find nothing but empty fields, but I now saw flowers enough to make thousands more of such bunches. I mention this fact particularly, for Japan is unlike other countries in that, if large quantities of a given article are wanted, the price rises very perceptibly, because the demand is so much larger than the supply that it is simply impossible to fulfil the order. . . . But the largest and best fields were still a little way further on. . . . The Japanese call the Tree Peony 'the flower of prosperity,' and I know of no other blossom which gives the idea of wealth and luxuriance as these enormous sweet-scented, wonderful flowers, ranging in colour from blackest purple, through scarlets, reds, cerises, and pinks to white. These fields, as regards varieties and culture, seemed the best I had seen. . . . On our way back we drove through a beautiful district, planted with Orange groves of small trees, only about 4 ft. or 5 ft. high, so that they can be easily cared for and protected in winter from the dangerous cold dews, but looking well, free from insects or disease. These Japanese Peonies certainly deserve to be more grown at home, where, if properly cultivated, success is sure. The soil in that district is a very sandy clay, and the plants are cultivated in rows, somewhat in the way we grow Potatoes. They are, of course, all grafted upon the single purple wild variety, this being done in September and October. In order to protect the graft from winds and from breaking, also that they may grow more quickly together, a bamboo tube filled with clay is put around the stem.

"When they begin to grow, in February and March, a little manure is applied—here in Japan they use dissolved rape seed cake. In very dry weather they irrigate between the rows, but nothing more is done, except to keep clean from weeds and the suckers, which sprout from the roots. After flowering the blossoms are cut out, for they are not allowed to go to seed. After this a liberal supply of the rape seed manure is given, in order to get strong flowering eyes. The upper part of the shrub is used again for grafting, and the plant is sold with three or four good flowering eyes. It is strange that one sees so few old plants, for each year the fine varieties are sold out.

"However, in Kioto, the Western capital, where we visited an exhibition of Peonies and Azaleas, I found a number of old plants, although they had not had the very best of care and culture, yet some of them flowered magnificently. But there were none so good as the fine blossoms of Ikeda, these being doubtless of newer kinds. This exhibition was held in a Japanese restaurant, better known in Europe as a tea-house, and, although raining, there were a number of merry-makers enjoying the flowers and listening to the several



#### TROPEOLUM SPECIOSUM.

Geisha girls, who played the *samisen* (to our ears a horrible-sounding instrument), and whose songs probably have for their theme the beauty of the blossoms."

TROPEOLUM SPECIOSUM AT FOX WARREN, COBHAM.

We have lately mentioned our desire for notes from our readers about the behaviour of this beautiful plant in various gardens. Sometimes it is a glorious success; sometimes, alas! not merely a dismal failure, but positively refuses even to start. We are, therefore, especially interested in the accompanying illustrations, which depict it in the garden of Mrs. Buxton, Fox Warren, Cobham. *T. speciosum* is rarely seen in health in the South of England, so that a few cultural notes from Mr. Hall, the gardener, may be interesting and useful. The plant is growing in a dell, which has a natural fall to the north-west. The west side of the dell is shaded in the afternoon by tall trees, and it is here that the *Tropeolum* is most happy, as it seems absolutely at home. It is growing in a *made* free, open soil several feet deep, and where the roots are is well away from the drying influence of summer heat. This soil is resting upon one of the worst substrata possible, namely, what is known as "London blue clay," which is offensive to eye and nostril. Of course, this soil was well drained. *Montbretias* in variety are equally at home. The *Tropeolum* was planted about six years ago, and now throws out its splendid festoons of growth in all directions. To do this "dell garden" justice, many other choice and rare plants should be mentioned, such as *Eremiuri*, *Eulalia*, *Hemerocallis aurantiaca*, *Gunnera*, *Bocconia*, *Lilies*, etc.

#### THE WYEDALE LATE PLUM.

"G." writes: "Plums that keep well into November are useful for cooking if they retain their flavour, and such kinds as the Wyedale are worth noting on account of their long-keeping properties. In mild seasons we have frequently had this fruit hanging on the trees well into November, and if gathered and given cool storage it may be had much later. For a fruit so late in the season the quality is not at all poor. Of course this is a cooking Plum, and having a thick skin it is not readily injured by climatic changes. The tree is a moderate grower, and even in soils where Plums are not at their best the Wyedale rarely fails to crop. Grown in standard form it is very prolific, and the trees may be planted closer than many kinds. This variety does well in the northern part of the kingdom, and is much grown for market, having a ready sale, but is less frequently seen in the South. In private gardens it is well worth room, as it prolongs the season. The fruits are of medium size, oval, and of a dark purple, and not unlike those of the old Winesour in appearance."

#### PLANTS FOR HANGING POTS AND BASKETS.

We are pleased that our readers send notes likely to interest others to this column, and must thank "A. R." for the following practical information about pot plants: "There is much charm in creeping plants which either flower freely or have pleasing foliage when used inside or outside windows, or hanging from porches, or wire arches, or to stand on brackets in the front of cottages, or used to hang over window-boxes and vases. We see plants of this description less used in large than in small or cottage gardens. Sometimes where used liberally a most charming effect is produced, and almost invariably certain varieties are held in great esteem by cottagers, who grow them with much skill and taste. An interesting group might be at some time arranged at one of the meetings of the Royal Horticultural Society, and would prove a centre of attraction. It is doubtful whether any plant is more popular than the beautiful



IN THE GARDEN AT FOX WARREN, COBHAM.



*Campanula isophylla alba*. It is, when well grown, a veritable gem, and simply a cascade of pure white flowers. No more charming flowering plant can be found. The blue form is quite as suitable, but is less common. It should always be a companion to the white variety. There are several other pretty creeping *Campanulas*, of which *Barrelieri* is one, and far too seldom seen. *Mayii* is very pretty also. Of course, in creeping plants, the well-known *Creeping Jenny* must have a place, as its growth and habit are of the best, its yellow flowers, never too lavishly produced, standing out in striking contrast to its green leafage. Musks, both of the large *moschatus* form and *Harrison's*, rank amongst the best of hanging plants, and they seem all the better if started on the shelf of a greenhouse before being put outdoors. The free-growing forms of *Lobelia speciosa* are charming; so, too, are some of the loose-growing and free-flowering *Petunias*, if the blooms be not too large. *Verbenas* are very good hanging plants, but especially so some of the tuberous *Begonias*, for many of the loose-growing, free-flowering varieties make dainty hanging plants. Several of the Ivy-leaved *Pelargoniums* are also admirable. They help specially to furnish vases or the fronts of window-boxes, and give colours not common in our other creeping plants. Very good as a foliage plant is the variegated *Nepeta* and *Sedum Sieboldi variegatum*. *Fuchsia procumbens* is very pretty, as also is *Convolvulus mauritanicus*, and both are fairly hardy. Another capital foliage plant is the well-known *Mother of Thousands* (*Saxifraga sarmentosa*).

#### AN EXHIBITION OF BOTTLED FRUITS.

A most interesting exhibition of bottled fruits was to be seen a few days ago at the meeting of the Royal Horticultural Society in the Drill Hall, Westminster. The display of bottled fruits, all of British production, was important, and Mr. Austen, who showed them, also lectured upon the same subject. We shall make further reference to this increasing industry.

#### THE POMEGRANATE.

The Pomegranate is best known as a big, thick-skinned, yellowish fruit, filled with juicy crimson flesh, but it is also a good outdoor shrub, as might have been seen only a few days ago in the Royal Gardens, Kew, where a plant has been in full flower against one of the houses. Mr. Watson, the newly-appointed curator of the Royal Gardens, says that when planted at the foot of a north wall and treated generally like a well-groomed Peach it will flower from June to September. Its flowers are intense scarlet, and last when cut for several days if gathered before the petals open wide. At Kew, the curator writes, "three varieties are grown out of doors, namely, the type, the big double-flowered variety, with petals margined with white, *Picotee*-like, and the dwarf variety known as *nanum*. There are other forms besides these, including a white-flowered one which I have seen in Paris gardens, where old, very old, standard plants are grown and treasured. The dwarf variety is cultivated as a pot plant in some continental countries. I have seen it in the Hamburg florists' shops, pretty little pyramids in 5in. pots, covered with flowers." Fruits are rarely produced in England, but this is of no consequence, as the flowers are sufficient to justify the shrub's existence in English gardens. In Canon Ellacombe's "Plant Lore of Shakespeare," page 169, is the following reference to the shrub (it is quoted from Lady Calcott's "Scripture Herbal") : "Whoever has seen the Pomegranate in a favourable soil and climate, whether as a single shrub or grouped many together, has seen one of the most beautiful of green trees; its spiry shape and thick tufted foliage of vigorous green, each

growing shoot with tenderer verdure and bordered with crimson and adorned with the loveliest flowers; filmy petals of scarlet lustre put forth from the solid crimson cup; and the ripe fruit of richest hue and most admirable shape."

#### APPLE ALLINGTON PIPPIN.

This has proved one of the great prize Apples of the year, and, strange to say, it is for an Apple quite a recent gain to our gardens. One of our best fruit-growers writes: "Few new Apples have come to the front so quickly as Allington Pippin, and I do not know a variety so free cropping. Even small trees bear freely, and recently I noticed that it was even placed before Cox's Orange Pippin in a class where flavour was the chief point for consideration. Many will not agree with me in placing Allington Pippin before Cox's for flavour, and I must candidly say that my own fruits are not so good, though the Allington is better with regard to shape and colour. The fruits alluded to as being of better flavour than Cox's Orange were from trees grown in a heavy loam in the Eastern Counties. My soil is very light, and the fruits are not so good in flavour as those from heavier ground. Allington Pippin always colours well, whereas Cox's is often dull and green. In Middlesex the fruit is at its best during late October and well into November. Although stated to be eatable until February, we have never had fruits at the late period so good as those produced two months earlier. There is no doubt about Allington Pippin becoming a standard variety, and it has probably few equals for the market on account of its crop, handsome appearance, and excellent quality. It is one of the best bush trees, and bears very soon after planting, which is surely a great blessing. The fruit is slightly more acid than that of the well-known Cox's Orange Pippin, with something reminiscent of the old Golden Reinette, and the latter much resembles Allington Pippin in both growth and crop."

#### SPIRÆA ANTHONY WATERER.

"T." writes: "This brilliantly-coloured shrubby *Spiræa* well repays a little attention, as if the old flower clusters are removed as soon as their beauty is past a succession of blossoms is maintained until autumn is well advanced. This remark also applies with equal force to the other varieties of *Spiræa* *Bumalda*, of which the type, with pink blossoms, and the white (frequently met with as *S. callosa alba*) form good companions to the brighter-tinted *Anthony Waterer*. This last is much less effective during the very hot weather than at other times, as the flowers are then much paler; in fact, they present quite a faded appearance compared with those borne when the weather is cooler. With a little attention in the shape of a summer mulching, and watering when necessary, a bed of this *Spiræa* maintains a display for a length of time equal to many tender bedding plants, and gives very little trouble throughout the year. Its propagation, too, is simple, as if planted rather deeply it can be divided almost as easily as some herbaceous plants."

PHOTOGRAPHS OF ROSES.—We should welcome any specially good photographs of Roses, either growing or as cut flowers. If in water they should be in plain glasses, or vases without patterns, and on plain backgrounds. If in the garden they should preferably be without figures or accessories, such as the ironmonger's stock, garden seats, bicycles, or family pets. They should be silver prints, glazed, and not less than half-plate size.

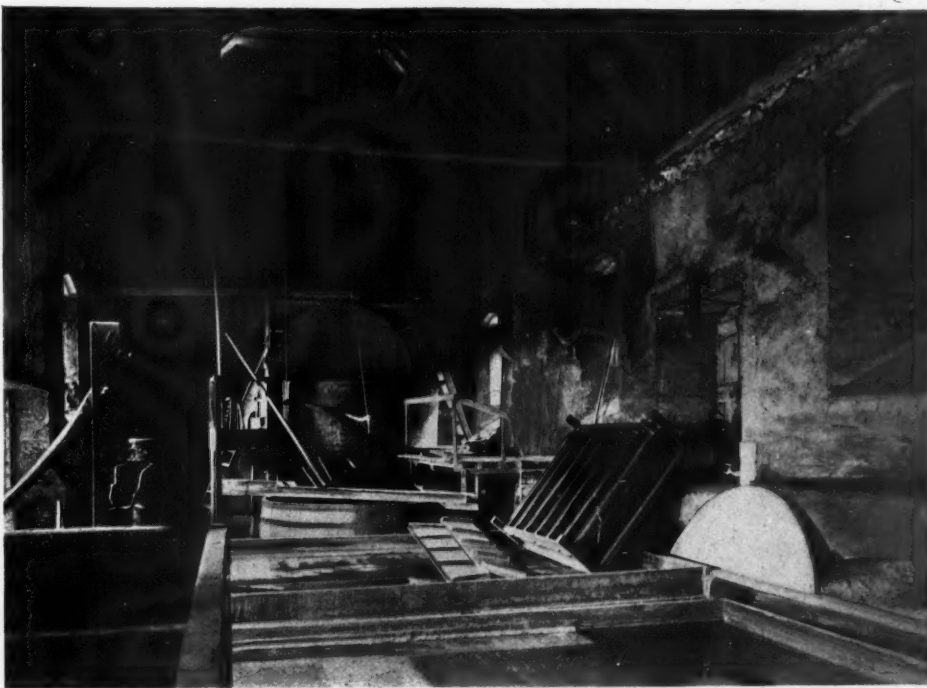
## WYKEHAMISTS' BEER.

THE BREW-HOUSE AT WINCHESTER COLLEGE.

A NEW head-master, drawn for the first time within the memory of man, and, more than that, the prominence attained by one of Wykeham's sons in the Freshmen's Sports at Oxford, and the recent trouble concerning poisoned beer, combine to influence our choice of a subject, and certainly it is a very pretty one.

When William of Wykeham built a school or college he took good care that there should be proper provision for the inner boy, or man, as the case might be. He would probably have excommunicated a glucose manufacturer, and there is little doubt that the parties to wholesale arsenic poisoning (for which no one has yet been punished) would have met with summary justification, after being properly condemned by the "ale convers." At both Winchester and New College a brewery was built of material as enduring as the hall or chapel, and it is curious that in each case it was attached to the gate-house, in which the head of the School (at Winchester) and of the College (at Oxford) resides.

At Oxford it is connected by a curious "skew" arch, which forms a covered ridge over New College Lane. Its place and appearance at Winchester can best be seen from the picture of the brewery gate-house from the street. Inside the gate its proportions are much more pleasing. The courtyard in front, in which a Winchester "man," with his gown on, is standing, is called "Paradise Regained"—not, we believe, because it is next to the



W. T. Green.

THE UPPER STOREY.

Copyright

beer factory, but from the belief that a collegier returned to use those precincts is nearly, if not quite, in heaven. The grated windows at the bottom give light and air to the ground floor of the brewery, while the larger ones light the upper floor, resting on the enormous beams shown in the illustration.

The beer is brewed upstairs, and barrelled below, where the hogsheads lie as in a vault. In nearly all these ancient breweries barrels of the largest size only were used, which accounts for the substantial nature of the fittings. In front, on the upper floor, are the shallow cooling vats, and at the end the great copper. The various wooden implements for moving or stirring the wort are also seen. The solid timber work supporting the roof is remarkable. Its strength was intentional, for the covering is large slabs of stone used like slates, and must be of great weight. The roof of the New College brew-house is the same. A word should be said as to the beer and the brewer thereof. Mr. A. Chamberlin, the brewer of the College, has held that honourable



THE COLLEGE BREWER.

post, either with and under his father, and later as chief brewer, for over forty years. His father held the same position for twenty-six years before him. Consequently, the standard of the beer produce has been steadily maintained on its good old level, far from the madding crowd, in this cloistered brewery, while the commercial and competitive element in the brewery world has been trying its odious cheap experiments, and poisoning people, and giving good beer a bad name. As late as fifty years ago the boys at college regularly had beer for breakfast. Plenty is drunk there still, though tea has banished John Barleycorn from the breakfast table. Seven times a year the fragrant odour of the wort and hops rises from the grated windows and escapes to



BREWERY GATE-HOUSE FROM THE STREET.

fill the court of "Paradise." Fifteen barrels of the light, or table, beer are brewed each time; but there is also a special product of these vaults of William of Wykeham of a nobler and mightier kind, which keeps for ever and ever, and is meant to keep, so it is only brewed rarely for solemn occasions. The main ingredient (brewers, please note) is fourteen bushels of malt to one hogshead. It is made at intervals of about four years, and is called by its ancient name of "huff." To "huff" meant, in the language of Wessex, to heave or ferment, and in some counties, when the bread rises, it is still said to "huff." The wort is drawn off from the malt used to make the huff, and from the same fourteen bushels sixteen hogsheads of table beer are made, just as "small" cyder is made from a second pressing of the same apples from which "firsts" have been pressed. There is a fine "open air" feeling in the ground floor of the building. It is entirely open at one end, except for the mighty posts or pillars that support the second story. The flagged floor slopes for drainage. In the beams above are seen the wooden pins by which the heavy frames of some of the fixed machinery are bolted to the timbers. The beer was served out to the collegers in a peculiarly-shaped tin can called a "jorum."

There were also leather jugs called "jacks."

It is not generally known that about the time at which this building was constructed most of the beer drunk in England was made by women. These were the "ale wives," who were under Government control to some extent, and were referred to in various ordinances of Parliament.

Winchester always seems to have exhibited a great respect for the national beverage. Thus Mr. Bickerdyke in his "Curiosities of Ale and Beer," notes that the office of



W. T. Green.

THE GROUND FLOOR AND CASKS.

Copyright



cellarer in a monastery was one held in special estimation. It was said that he ought to be, as it were, *pater totius congregationis* (father of the whole congregation). In the Priory of St. Swithun, at Winchester, special prayers were offered up for the cellarer. This is quite delightful. Suppose that in the House of Commons, special prayers were ordained for the health, spiritual and mental, of the cook, it would scarcely be taken seriously; but the monks knew well what was due to men who brewed good ale. There is a profane picture of a cellarer tasting ale, with "one eye round the corner" to see that no one is looking. As the College at Winchester was a religious foundation, by the regulations in force as to the distribution of the liquors everyone in the monastery had his regular allowance. The beer was of three kinds, *mebor*, *secunda*, and *tertia*, the latter being "small beer." *Mebor* and *secunda* mingled made a "half-and-half" called *mixta*. The "servant of the church" got a holy-water bucket full of *mixta* for his share. Even invalids received a measure of ale. When the ale went wrong, or was all drunk up, a doleful entry appears in some Abbey records. This happened at Dunstable in 1262, when the annalist mentions: "In this year, about the feast of John the Baptist, our ale failed."

## A BOOK OF THE DAY.

THE appearance of the "Letters of John Richard Green" (Macmillan), edited by Mr. Leslie Stephen, stirs up a flood of memories in men and women who—whether they admit it or no—are near to the border of middle age. I, for one, remember well the astonishment which seized me when, after years of compulsory study of English history, written in the most unattractive style, the "Short History of the English People" was placed in my hands. It was a lesson-book, and therefore odious by hypothesis. But it was also the first humane and interesting lesson-book which I had been told to read. It took a completely new view of the meaning and object of history; and we, who were boys then, began one and all, to our intense delight and surprise, to read more than our appointed task for the sheer pleasure of reading. Sometimes one hears the boys and girls of the present day, pampered in education no less than in other things, complain that to read Green

writing long, intelligent, and chatty letters was not lost, as some maintain that it was, with the introduction of the Penny Post. No letters known to me are comparable in point of natural charm with those which John Richard Green, out of sheer love of writing and of pouring out his heart to his friends, wrote to a small circle, consisting mainly of Professor Boyd Dawkins, the sterner historian Freeman, Edward Denison (who died young because the gods loved him), Humphry Ward, and others. They are—in a phrase—every kind of letter; you will find letters historical, letters sorrowful, letters gay, letters bubbling over with good spirits, and the whole collection is an absolute mirror of the man.

Mr. Leslie Stephen shows us the picture of Green's boyhood;—he was



W. T. Green.

### "PARADISE REGAINED."

Copyright

weak, dreamy, and from the schoolmaster's point of view lazy, at Magdalen College School. He despised the bulk of his fellow-undergraduates at Jesus College, whither he had the misfortune to go at a time when that Cymric institution was at its very worst. He compares his feelings towards the Welshmen there to those of Swift's towards the universe: "I hate all the world, but I love Jack, Tom, and Harry." His ordinary university studies he appears to have neglected completely. But in school and university days alike he was always reading outside the prescribed rules, always drinking in the historical atmosphere of Oxford, until it became a part of his soul and his being. His was one of the myriad cases in which the literary air of Oxford has been far more potent for good than the prescribed, and neglected, course of study. For the moment, however, I divert attention to a passage or two which will serve to prove to the reader who seeks not instruction but amusement, that these pages contain plenty of lively passages as well as serious matter. Here, for example, is an extract from a frank letter, which shows that Green could, in an innocent way, toy with Amaryllis in the Shade. Incidentally it illustrates, too, his contempt of the schools:

"I presume I ought to give you some account of myself, but really, my existence is so monotonous that I am afraid of wearying you. Let me in preference recall the pleasantest companion I ever had in my life. 'A new flame,' you will say. Hear and judge. At Dublin, auguring sickness, and in a silent moody humour, I stepped aboard the packet. I was soon lousy with the luggage, and that settled, strolled sulkily along deck. A lady in the distance bowed. 'Some absurd Hibernian mistake,' thought I. As I passed, she bowed again. I borrowed resolution from despair, and explained, 'I am afraid I have not the honour,' etc. 'Miss P——,' said she, throwing up her veil. Now, though I had been introduced to her 'mamma,' I had never spoken a word to her younger ladyship, but that was no business of mine. We sat down and chatted the whole way to Holyhead. Now a chat of five hours without intermission must surely have turned upon, or included, some serious matter. The beauty of this chat was that it was pure nonsense throughout. The naïveté of my companion was diverting. 'She detested nonsense, silly nonsense, which gentlemen seemed to consider themselves privileged to address to ladies, as though our sex' (with a pretty toss of the head) 'had weaker brains than their own.' 'But what has our own chat been but nonsense?' said I. 'Oh, but not silly nonsense,' said my little casuist. We secured the same carriage at Holyhead, and no sooner did our chat flag than out came 'the language of flowers.' Could anything have been more childish? Nothing, at any rate, would have been more amusing. We chose and laughed, and laughed and chose again, till my little charmer grew desperately sleepy. 'Make me your sleeping-post,' I whispered. 'Indeed, I won't!' was the uncompromising reply. Nod upon nod, the lovely little face drooped and drooped, till Nature compelled her to yield; she smiled a sort of coquettish protest, and soon her little head rested on my shoulder, and she was fast asleep.

Copyright



W. T. Green.

### "EDOM."

is hard work. It is impossible to make them realise that to the short historians who went before him Green is as "Alice in Wonderland" to "Euclid."

Yet most of us who owed so deep a debt of gratitude to John Richard Green knew, I fancy, very little about his personality before this book came out, save that he was delicate, that he was a clergyman, and that he married a very accomplished wife, who survived him as a bright star in the intellectual society of London. Here, then, we have a book which reveals to us, if we are capable of reading ever so little between the lines, this strange and attractive man as he lived and moved and had his being. It is a book in which the letters bulk large, in which the editor for once takes a less prominent part than his readers would desire. Finally, it is a book which proves conclusively that the art of

Oh, pretty girl faces, what wondrous fools you make of us cynics! You may have guessed—what is for the present a secret—that I do not intend to go up for a class. This will fall like a bombshell among the dons, and I shall have to endure a few skirmishes with the Sublime William and his followers, and not a few black looks from quarters which I care more about. But people are beginning to comprehend that what I will to do, I do; and, if they are philosophers, the dons will soon give over a struggle in which they cannot but be beaten. At any rate, I have counted the cost, and thrown my class to the winds. My reasons would be too long for a letter which is already of monstrous dimensions, and which has, I am sure, earned those antiquarian entries, etc., of whose existence I am beginning to grow not a little sceptical.—Believe me, dear D., etc."

Here is another—not written, alas! of his own daughters, for he had none—which shows that he could be merry and playful, and that he had the best of all human affections—a warm love for children:

"Pretty rosy legs  
Paddling in the waters;  
Knees as smooth as eggs,  
Belonging to my daughters!  
Sixty toes are twiddling  
In the sandy ocean,  
And six hearts are fiddling  
With a child's emotion.  
All of them are pushing  
Shrimping-nets before them;  
Thoughts of tea are rushing  
Like the sea waves o'er them;  
Tea with shrimps and butter  
Toast and water-cresses;  
Hearts in such a flutter  
In their holland dresses.  
As ten feet come plashing  
Through the brimpy billow,  
See the crabs go splashing  
Each to seek its pillow,  
And the tiny fishes  
That would a-woeing stray  
'Gainst their mothers' wishes,  
Much frightened, fly away."

From Oxford, after some hesitation before taking orders, which was overcome mainly by the direct and indirect influence of A. P. Stanley, the great Dean, Green went to an East End curacy, and finally became an incumbent in the East End and elsewhere; and there is no doubt left on the mind that he worked with will and effect. But at the same time he was intimately connected with the best literary life of the day—a connection which involved friendship with Freeman, Stubbs, Creighton, F. D. Maurice, Thomas Arnold, Sir George Grove, Holman Hunt, J. D. Cook, the famous editor of the *Saturday Review*, and Miss von Glehn, who was subsequently married to Creighton, the late manly and learned Bishop of London, and Mr. Humphry Ward. How hard his work was is shown by the language of Mr. Leslie Stephen, which cannot be improved upon:

"From the spring of 1867 till the end of 1872, Green wrote many articles; and a few appeared in the next two years. Green had a singular facility in turning out such work. Mr. Loftie says that he would take great pains in revising or rewriting his brilliant passages, but he must often have written at full speed. He told a friend who was staying with him that he had to write three articles in thirty-six hours. One was a review of a volume by Freeman, a second a 'light middle,' while the third dealt with the history of an English town. He had got them all into shape, he added, during his walks that day about London streets. He finished the first about two in the morning, while talking to his friend, and the other two were done the next day. We are elsewhere told that Green often sat down, after a day passed in the museum and in parish work, and finished an article between 12 and 2 a.m. He even speaks of writing from 2 to 5. The practice of night work is seductive, but the strain upon a man already threatened with dangerous disease must have been excessive."

"Green, as will be seen, thought that this occupation, recommended by financial reasons, was not a mere waste of energy. The friend who describes the composition of the three articles defends him from the charge of 'journalism,' against which he always protested himself. By 'journalism' is to be understood, I suppose, writing for pay upon matters of which you are ignorant. Most of Green's articles are unassailable upon this ground. Many of them are serious reviews of his oratorical work by a competent critic; others are independent historical essays; and others, again, are valuable discussions of the lessons impressed upon him by the great problem of East End pauperism. 'His articles,' says Mr. Bryce, 'were among the best, perhaps the very best, which were then appearing in the paper.' Some, in particular those upon the history of towns, were 'masterpieces.' Green collected some of them in 1876 in his 'Stray Studies from England and Italy.' The volume also includes specimens of the 'light middle,' the short essay which intervened between the political articles and the reviews of books. They reveal a fresh side of Green's singularly versatile nature. Retiring to his study from the worry and strain of other occupations, he relieved himself by throwing off hasty sketches of the curates and district visitors with whom he had associated. Though perfectly good-humoured, and doing full justice to the merits of the persons concerned, the articles show also a very keen eye for the comic aspects of the human species described."

During all this time the "Short History" was shaping itself in his mind and on paper. But good as it is—worthy life's work as it would be for any man—there is no doubt that it would have been better, more complete, and more worthy, if repeated visits to Sir Andrew Clark had not convinced the delicate

genius that the time was not far distant when the night would come in which no man could work. He writes in 1871: "Clark told me before I left England that I was going on so well now that I might as well know that, when he first examined me, more than a year ago, he did not expect me to pull through at all." In 1872 the great physician spoke more hopefully. In 1873 the English winter became taboo; and then, in 1881, it began to be plain that the end was near. "His state was then so serious that Andrew Clark one evening told Mrs. Green that he could not live for six weeks. 'I have so much work to do,' Green happened to say that night; 'if I could only finish that work!'" Much of that work he did finish with the help of his devoted wife, who actually



Lafayette.

#### CHILDREN OF THE COUNTESS OF STRADBROKE. 179, New Bond Street.

learned to write with her left hand, after suffering from writer's cramp in her right; for by dint of sheer determination he kept alive until March 7th, 1883. It was the deliberate opinion of Sir Lauder Brunton that sheer force of will and enthusiasm for work gave him two extra years of life. It was his own conviction that the fear of separation from his wife made him cling to life with a desperate tenacity which was intensely pathetic. He himself was wont to say that men would declare of him that he died learning. To this Mr. Stephen adds Mr. Humphry Ward's beautiful phrase, "They will also say he died loving." Such was the end of a life of labour lived by a man of high ambition, of bright spirits, and of tender heart, whom our English world could ill afford to lose.

**H**ER MAJESTY QUEEN ALEXANDRA has been graciously pleased to accept a specially equipped copy of the beautiful volume "Gardens Old and New," issued recently from the office of COUNTRY LIFE.

With Mr. Henley's article in the *Pall Mall Magazine* upon certain aspects of the life of Robert Louis Stevenson we dealt last week, and an article founded on his "Hawthorn and Lavender," a far more pleasant subject, will be found elsewhere in COUNTRY LIFE this week. Meanwhile, the interest of the Christmas number of the *Pall Mall Magazine* is far from being exhausted, and it is only fair to add that Mr. I. Zangwill, Mr. Bernard Capes, Mr. Harold Begbie, Mr. Eden Philpotts, Mr. Quiller Couch, and Mrs. Neish contribute, with others, to make the number quite exceptionally good. It is also well produced.

Among reprints and new editions I note, as exceptionally useful, Messrs. Smith, Elder's new edition of Dr. Conan Doyle's *Great Boer War*, upon which much labour has been expended. The same vivid description of the war is running in the *Wide World Magazine* (Newnes), in which it is a valuable feature. With the exception, if exception it be, of "Linesman's" *Words by an Eye-witness: the Struggle in Natal* (Blackwood), Dr. Doyle's book, being that of a novelist and a practised writer, is far the most readable book on the war, and it is certainly the one which is read most.

*The Egoist and Diana of the Crossways*—George Meredith (Constable)—are of course well known. They are mentioned here merely because they have been brought out in a neat and handy pocket edition.

In the immediate future, save when some special topic calls for attention, and while the press of books continues to be severe, it seems advisable to deal with a few of them in brief preliminary paragraphs, which may, or may not, be enlarged upon later. Here are a few examples of what may, for want of a better title, be called, "Notes upon Books."

*Annals of Christ's Hospital*. E. H. Pearce. (Methuen.) This volume, containing an exhaustive history of Christ's Hospital from the earliest times, makes a timely appearance on the eve of the migration of the school to Horsham.



It is well and carefully written by one who has not spared time or labour in research, and I should have thought there would have been sufficient certainty of a market amongst "Old Blues" to warrant a better equipment. It is not exactly light reading.

*Lives of the Hunted.* Henry Seton Thompson. (Nutt.) An eloquent plea, by the author of "Wild Animals I have Known," against the extermination of wild and innocent animals. The first piece, which is concerned with Krag, a big-horn sheep of the Rockies, is distinctly beautiful, and the life of a coyote, which, being captured as a cub, learned the ways of man, and then escaped, and led the pack so that they survived, is well told. Some of the other pieces are too like stories for little children for my fancy, and in an introductory passage or two Mr. Thompson takes himself too seriously, and indulges in excessive self-analysis. Still, the book should not be missed.

*Dutch Life in Town and Country.*—P. M. Hough (Newnes)—is an excellent instalment of the useful and entertaining series entitled "Our Neighbours."

*Captain Bluit.* Max Adeler. (Ward, Lock.) It is almost enough to say that the author of *Out of the Hurly-Burly*, after many years of silence, has produced another book. It does not contain quite such abundant food for laughter as the old favourite; but it is well worth reading, none the less.

*An Island Interlude.* John Amity. (Long.) Here are the penultimate words of a story which does not appear to be of exceptional merit or originality. "Anyhow, she and John walked down over the grass toward the secret silence of the wood together." The reader knows the sort of thing.

*Forbidden Paths.* Marcus Reay. (Long.) Set forms of expression are Mr. Reay's trouble. "It was one of the coldest nights in December, 189—; and as Big Ben," etc. "It was the height of the London season." "It was the 21st of June." "It was the evening of the day upon which Eleanor Fellowes's wedding had taken place." "So closed the last chapter of Conrad Lane's old love story."

*The First Men in the Moon.*—H. G. Wells (Newnes)—originally appeared in the *Strand*, which is in itself a guarantee, and is one of those combinations of whimsical fancy and science in which Mr. Wells has no rival.

*Christopher Deane.* E. H. Lacombe Watson. (Elkin Matthews.) A painstaking effort to play the part of Thomas Hughes to life at Winchester College; but Mr. Watson is not Tom Hughes, and Christopher Deane is not Tom Brown. Mr. Watson is at his best in describing an Eton and Winchester match. He forgets sometimes that Winchester slang, or "notions," is not universally understood. The perfect Wykehamist tale-writer is yet to seek.

*The Fall of Lord Paddocklea.* Lionel Langbar. (Heinemann.) The latest attempt at the political novel, and far from unsuccessful. Some of the characters are "leading personages of the day, thinly disguised."

*Icemen of the Past and the Present.* Thomas Hardy. (Harper.) Gloomy, but full of power no less than of despair.

*Ic Sports.* (Ward, Lock.) The latest-born volume of the Isthmian Library contains sound contributions from Mr. T. A. Cook, Mrs. Alec Tweedie, Mr. Quintin Hogg, and others, and at the moment of writing it feels as if it might come into use soon.

*Mr. Punch's Dramatic Sequels.* St. John Hankin. (Bradbury, Agnew.) Mr. Hankin, who has a pretty wit, has been well advised to produce in volume form these pieces, which have, for some time past, delighted the readers of *Punch*. If there is a fault to be found with them, it is that they are sometimes too long drawn out.

*Easy French Sweets for English Cooks.* Mrs. Alfred Praga. (Newnes.) Eminently a book to buy; *experto crede*. Since it came into the house there have been many new dishes, all of them dainty and good. LOOKER-ON.

## WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

### THE HALTING IVY.

IN an autumn broken with meteorological surprises such as have lately caught us, the ivy mantling our tool-house or stable wall gives a good object-lesson in patience and the art of making the best of hard lines. On a mild, muggy evening, "spatchcocked" between last week's frosts and fogs, we took a lantern and sallied out to see how moth life was faring. The ivy, at first sight, seemed to have no bloom left; but here and there the light of the lantern fell upon the ruddy wings or the gleaming eyes—moths' eyes reflect rainbow hues when a light falls upon them—of some belated reveller. And then we noticed that the apparent lack of bloom was deceptive. About one-half of the flower-heads had evidently finished blooming a good week before; but the other half was still in bud and tentatively opening a blossom here and there in sheltered nooks where the afternoon sun had caught it. Thus the ivy, flowering always in the risky season of late autumn, and depending upon insects for cross fertilisation, has acquired the natural, because useful, power of keeping back its blossoms when the weather is unfavourable. The blossoms in themselves are so tough that no weather seems to hurt them; but, like a businesslike tradesman, the plant objects to dressing its shop windows when no insect customers venture abroad. Thus it might be quite possible in early spring, by noting the comparative development of the batches of ivy fruit, to rewrite the weather record of October and November, showing how here a week and there a fortnight of bad weather must have intervened to keep back the buds from opening, while the already opened flowers had made the best of a bad business and proceeded with their work of forming seed.

### RESISTING THE COLD.

A spectacle of more practical interest to the fruit-grower is revealed by the lantern's light on any mild November evening upon the trunks of orchard trees, when the common winter moth, the parent of the little green caterpillars, whose multitudes wreck so many fruit buds in spring, sits to court his sweetheart in the fog. Flimsy as these little insects are, they possess a weather-resisting power which would seem marvellous, did we not know it to be the natural equipment of a moth which comes forth in November. Though it may be difficult, in view of human sufferings and disappointments, to subscribe to the poet's belief that "whatever is right," the more one sees of the so-called "marvels of Nature" the more one inclines to hold that whatever is a matter of course. When the ground is gripped with frost and an hour of winter sunshine brings out clouds of filmy little gnats to dance in it; when after a February blizzard you find soft, smooth-skinned caterpillars, which have actually crawled above the bunched snow to feed on the tufted herbage under the hedge; when you see the sparrows jostling each other in their eagerness to bathe where the thick ice on the pond has been broken for the horses to drink—you may wonder at the imperviousness of such small life to our own painful sensations of cold. But

human beings are only one species of animal after all, and when we know that some creatures revel in tropical heat and others flourish in Arctic cold, we ought to know better than to think it "marvellous" that an insect can exist in circumstances which would make us uncomfortable.

### THE WINTER MOTHS.

However this may be, it is interesting to see how the little winter moth flits to and fro, and conducts its amours contentedly in the midst of a November fog, or how it clings to twig or bark in spite of the rough wind. Certainly they exhibit the rational instinct of sitting only on the sheltered side of trunk or branch; but when trees and bushes are leafless, the wind has a shrewd way of whistling round the stems and through the boughs, and at such times the winter moths are most easily discovered, from the way in which their folded wings are flickering in the breeze as the lantern light falls on them. The females of this kind, as of most late autumn and winter moths, have no wings to speak of, and, arguing from the analogy of the Vapourer moth in summer, when the winged males go jerkily flying up and down in search of sweethearts, one naturally supposes that the winged males of the winter moths must find their wives in like manner.

### COURTSHIP IN DIFFICULTIES.

But you may traverse the whole orchard without seeing a male upon the wing, though scores and hundreds may be seated upon the tree trunks, and many of them have mates. It seems reasonable, therefore, to suppose that the males, having used their wings at early dusk to secure an eligible position, wait until the females—who, although they have no wings, can run about, unlike the males, with almost the activity of spiders—find them. Another point of interest in this matter is the apparent working of sexual selection in the fact that among the males those which have mates generally seem to be finer specimens, on the average, than those which have not. Not that the dowdy, flimsy little winter moth is ever a thing of beauty; but the little rivulets of darker colour which symmetrically traverse its semi-transparent wings must be regulated by some canon of taste, and if this is not the female's, whose is it? Yet another point of interest about the winter moth, before we leave him to the obscure joys of his November existence in the dark, is his politeness. No doubt this is another false analogy from human notions; but when you see any number of unmated males, all sitting head upwards on the tree trunks, you naturally conclude that they prefer that position. Yet, when they are mated, they concede it to the other sex, which, if it is not politeness, looks like it, and should make one feel a little more kindly disposed towards these orchard pests.

### THE HARE'S WEATHER-WISDOM.

If it were profitable to draw such conclusions regarding past weather as the spasmodic blooming of the ivy suggests, you might take the hare as another weather indicator, who tells you very clearly what you know already. If, in windy weather, you cross plough land where hares are numerous, you will find that every "form" points exactly in the direction of the wind—that is to say, each form is hollowed out so that when the animal squats in it, tail to wind, he is protected from the weather. Even drifting snow would not annoy him much, for it would pile up around and above him, leaving his head free to the last. Another advantage to the hare of sitting tail to wind is that while both sound and scent warn him of danger coming with the wind behind, his eyes command the landscape in front; whereas if he squatted head to wind all three senses would be turned in the same direction, and he would then have no warning whatever of an enemy approaching from behind against the wind.

### FEEDING TO LEeward.

Hares and rabbits would also seem to feed tail to wind in windy weather, unlike the gulls and plovers which haunt the same uplands, and always sit head to wind. The other morning I crossed a large turnip-field, which is infested with rabbits from an adjoining warren, as well as hares, in the teeth of the wind, and not one single turnip showed any fresh mark of injury. The farmer might have travelled the field in the same direction and gone away chuckling, in the belief that neither hares nor rabbits were touching his roots. When I reached the end of the field, however, and turned to look back, fully 30 per cent. of all the turnips in view had conspicuous white scars upon them, and many were half scooped out, showing that the bunnies had been both numerous and hungry among those roots. From this it would appear that the way to surprise hares or rabbits in windy weather would be to advance obliquely down wind, for then you would be almost out of their range of sight without coming into the line of their hearing and scent.

### HARES AND RABBITS.

The hare's trick of excavating a form for itself accords with the obvious fact that our rabbits and hares have a common ancestry; and it would be interesting to know for certain whether the rabbit has acquired, or the hare has lost, the art of digging burrows. All the differences between them seem traceable to this divergence of habit, and the probability is that the original rabbits were a race of harelike animals which took to the broken ground at the foot of hills, while the hare's ancestors stayed out in the open plain. Rapid vanishment would, of course, serve better than speed for escape in broken ground, and from scooping out his form under banks, or in hillside crevices, the early rabbit would soon learn to make it deep enough for a permanent refuge. Also he would acquire the modification of shape and the scuttling pace suited to rapid passage through his tunnels, while the hare, struggling for existence on different lines in the open, would tend to become a larger, longer-limbed, and swifter creature. So now, when rabbits and hares meet it is as "species" so distinct that they cannot interbreed, with even some antagonism between them, inasmuch that where one abounds the other is liable to be driven out.

E. K. R.

## ON THE GREEN.

I HAVE been making some trial of the Haskell balls in the "Agrippa" moulding, which is the latest "notion" on the other side. Certainly, I think they fly better—just a little better, as probably every ball flies—with this pimply exterior. But still I fail to see that they have the distinctly further carry than the "gutter" which is claimed for them in America. Perhaps the American atmosphere suits them better than our damp climate. That, at least, is a kinder hypothesis than the supposition that we have received any inexact statements about them. Let us put that idea behind us. For the rest, these new "Haskells" have the qualities of the otherwise moulded ones. They fly further than "gutter" off iron clubs, are good balls for lofted approaches, and good enough for putting, but are very ill-suited for running up over rough ground. I have this fault to find with them, that out of a dozen or so tested one was distinctly inferior to the rest, which

suggests a suspicion that unless especial care is taken in the make of this complex article the lots will not come out very even. Also, about one in three or four shows a very minute crack after a good deal of play. Still, the crack seems very slow in extending itself, and for a long while makes no appreciable difference to the flight. If you tap them hard on the head they resent it very much, showing a horrid wound; but a good ball, as it appears to me, you may go on hitting clean for ever without its changing shape or losing any of its qualities except the point. The ball has merits; it has not every merit. Whether its merits are worth the money, it remains for the great British public to say.

It did not look quite right to see Mr. Low's name in the list of the Blackheathens who played against the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society. I think there is a rule—and certainly it is a good one—that the members of the society shall send in to the secretary the name of one club which they may elect to consider their home club, and shall be allowed to play for this club, and this only, against the society. I suppose it was thus that Mr. Low played for Blackheath, which needed him badly—so badly that the venerable club did not win a single hole against the visiting side, except one solitary hole which Mr. Low won—to save its credit. If only the lies at Blackheath were a little better

what a good inland course it would be. The other day some writer was complaining of what he called the increasing modern tendency to lay out links to favour the long driver. Surely he must have forgotten the ancient Blackheath course, with its immensely long holes, though they are but seven in number.

*Golf Illustrated* of November 22nd gives a reproduction from an old print by De Hooghe of a golfer of the period—that is, about the middle of the seventeenth century—resting on what almost might be his ice-axe, but is, undoubtedly, his golf club. Its head, which is of iron, much resembles the Belgian club given by Mr. Andrew Lang to the Royal Wimbledon Golf Club. The Belgian club is modern, I think. The game, as usual, is being played on the ice, and at a post instead of a hole. The player wears big fur gloves, which cannot have allowed his fingers much delicacy of touch. Perhaps the weather was too cold for that. In any case, the very look of the weapon—a weaver's beam with any weight of iron you please at the end—does not suggest a game of delicate treatment. Of course the player is on skates. It would be, I think, very acceptable to the golfing public, which is large, if Mr. Martin Hardie were to publish these prints and reproductions from the many old Dutch pictures of golf that he has discovered in volume form, with a few notes to each.

HORACE HUTCHINSON.

## WHERE 'CHASERS ARE TRAINED.

AS each season changes, so does the succeeding season bring its own particular form of sport, and although it is less than a week since the racing congregation left the dismal precincts of Manchester race-course for the last time this year, those who invest their time and their money in steeplechase horses are already hard at work, and several meetings have been concluded, with more or less satisfaction to everybody concerned. Although from many points of view the sport of steeplechasing cannot compare with the older pursuit of flat-racing, yet in other respects it can justly claim to be considered the more interesting sport of the two. What sight is there—I put it to you, sportsmen all—which can compare with the sight of twenty or thirty horses charging a fence together, and how can you compare the finish on the flat to the desperate, jostling, frenzied race for the last hurdle, when the whips are out, the stirrups clink as two horses rise together, and every nerve and every quality and every faculty is strained to the utmost in man and beast? What a combination it is, indeed, that combination between the horse and its rider when it reaches its highest point! Is it human? I hear someone ask, and within the fraction of a second I can let him have his answer. Human, indeed! Out upon him for an undiscerning and callous loon! Even had he asked whether it was divine, perhaps—I only



W. A. Rouch.

WALKING ROUND AFTER WORK.

Copyright

say perhaps, and use the word even then with great reservation—I might have had some hesitation in making answer to him. But humane, indeed! And it is in steeplechasing that this combination reaches its zenith. More so, unusually more so, than in flat-racing or in ordinary racing, more so, far more so, than in the hunting-field, for in the hunting-field some choice is left both to the horse and rider, either individually or as a collective whole, and even at the last moment some danger may be avoided, some fences left untaken, some treacherous take-off passed by in favour of a sounder piece of turf; but in a steeplechase—no! He who hesitates is utterly and entirely lost beyond

any possible hope of redemption; from the moment that the flag falls to the blessed moment when the judge's little box has been passed, both horse and rider are on the stretch, working together for the common end, spending and being spent to an extent which nobody who has not gone through the experience can appreciate or understand. And yet if horse and man are fit and well, what an experience it is—the glorious sensation of rapid motion, the intoxicating exhilaration of flying the fence, "the pain which is almost a pleasure" which you feel as you cross the open ditch for the last time with a half-beaten horse, and the grand rebound to delirious joy as you land safely over the last fence and see your field well behind you and with certain victory within your grasp. Go to, ye hunting men! Tell me not of bullfinches and brooks, cease



W. A. Rouch.

TREVOR AND OTHERS CANTERING.

Copyright



to prevaricate—to the contamination of smoking-room morals—over that “yawner” which you jumped on your grey or brown, and the measurement of which, like the Sultan's debt, or the snowball of your youth, grows larger upon each relation. You may know something of the joys of riding, you may have tasted a little of the truly celestial pleasure which the gods have granted to the good horseman, but you must wait until, like Captain Bewicke, you have ridden a three-mile steeplechase, with a leg over the rails, and touched the inside wing of each jump to save every inch of ground, and then won by a short head, if you would really reach the utmost heights. But all this, so far, has dealt with the steeplechase horse as a finished article, and at this time of year we are more concerned with the methods by which he is trained than with his subsequent performances. Sparing my readers, out of tender pity, any reference to the construction of Rome, I would



W. A. Rouch.

DRIVING THEM ROUND.

Copyright

This is not the place to enter upon a learned and abstruse dissertation about the relative merits of straw and peat moss litter, the proportion of corn to hay which should be given to a steeplechaser, and other vital matters of diet and treatment about which disputes rage; but if you would know what a morning's work in a well-regulated stable really means, these photographs will show you. It is early morning, for your trainer is no sluggard, and although the mists have but scarce rolled away from the Hampshire Downs, the long string of horses is already walking round the paddock, and as each horse walks he comes under the stringent and penetrating scrutiny of Mr. Yates or his deputy; and if through any negligence there should be the least speck on the clothing, or the least evidence that the application of “elbow grease” has been sparing and scanty, there is real trouble for somebody. But the horses do not stay

here long, for your race-horse is a person who must be kept on the move, and any standing about would result in colds, or



W. A. Rouch. VANDAM, WARBURTON, &amp; SCOTCHMAN III. JUMPING A HURDLE. Copyright

only assert that there is nothing which requires more patience, more knowledge, and more care than the successful training of steeplechase horses, and therefore, wishing—as is our wont—to give the readers of COUNTRY LIFE of our best, we went to the establishment of Mr. Arthur Yates at Bishop's Sutton for our photographs, because we knew that there is no stable in England where the work is done more efficiently and with better results. The very name of Mr. Yates will bring back to any racing man a flood of reminiscences sufficient to last him for a whole evening; for with the name of Alresford are mingled the names of Remus, Cloister, Cathal, to mention but one or two of the great horses which have been sent out to victory from this stable; and, passing from the horses to the men, we find “poor Bill Sensier,” Dollery, the two Hewitts, Mr. “Reggie” Ward, Mr. Laun, and numbers of other fine horsemen.



W. A. Rouch.

VANDAM AND WARBURTON IN THE POND.

Copyright

perhaps even the much-dreaded influenza, that scourge of stables and nightmare of trainers, and within half-an-hour they are doing the steady canter up hill which we see in another picture. Not too fast, nothing like a gallop at present, only a steady stretch, which seems to "open their pipes," as the saying is, and prepares them for the real work which is to come, and which betrays the incipient invalid to the eye of Mr. Yates, who, on his grey horse Blessington, an importation from New Zealand, and the gift of Mr. Spencer Gollan, the owner of Ebor, Daimio, etc., is here, there, and everywhere. And at this point the string breaks up to do various things. For the young horses to whom jumping is yet a thing unknown there is the pond, and led, as we see them, by two old hands, they are not long in learning their duty. An uncompromising place this pond, from which there is no escape, for on either side the stiff oak rails rise some six feet, and the occasional application of the long whip convinces the youngsters that the path of duty, if not perhaps altogether convenient at the moment, is, at any rate, much more comfortable than open disobedience. So away they go, sprawling over the fences, knocking their knees, falling down and getting up again, until in what seems to the uninitiated an incredibly short space of time they learn to collect themselves, measure their distance, land without pitching, and, generally speaking, become more or less accomplished fencers. In the meantime there has been sterner work for the older horses, nothing less indeed than a stripped gallop over the steeplechase course, run at a pace not very far short of that at which a real race would be run. See, here they come, laying down to their work as if they enjoyed it. H'up, swish, and the tough birch twigs rattle as the hoofs tear through the topmost layers. All over; yes, right, but that boy on old Seaside was very close to the wing, and if the rider of Warburton does not keep his



W. A. Rouch.

AT SCHOOL IN THE EARLY MORNING.

Copyright

hands down better I can hear language in the near future. Away they go again, for there must be no dwelling after the fence has been cleared—that is where the ground is lost by the bad rider—and in another moment we see their quarters disappear over the next fence, and it is only a few moments before they are round the course, to come sweeping on the last fence with hardly a length between them, all up, and in another second they are pulling up on the hill beyond.

Now then, off their backs, lads; you can sit by the fire after breakfast. Loosen their girths, look out for any thorns, and lead them about a little until they cool down. And so back through the keen morning air, with appetites, both men and beasts, like the mighty Nimrod himself; back through the green lush fields, startling an old cock pheasant out for a stroll, flushing a covey of partridges, which, rising with a sharp "whirr," cause two or three of the young horses to squeal and buck, to the huge delight of their grinning riders; back under the shelter of the great hedges which rise on each side of the lane; back to the warm, airy loose boxes, which have been thoroughly cleaned in the temporary absence of their tenants; back to the good feed of corn and the welcome rub down which await each horse before he is locked up and left to rest until the four o'clock inspection.

It is hardly eight, and the sun is but just changing the dew into mist, cheering up the birds into song, and striking a glint from the big bronze weathercock; but in the stables it is quiet now, every box door is locked, and outside each door stand the bucket and the broom. In the dining-room, covered with trophies and presents, Mr. Yates is sitting down to a good substantial breakfast—none of your "chop and dog" breakfasts for him!—and from the men's quarters there comes a frequent smell of hot coffee, bacon, baked meats, and other things, mingled with a

cheerful murmur of conversation. The morning's work is over, and before the town sluggard is awake the sound of scouring and scrubbing tells that breakfast is over, and the harness used that morning is being cleaned, and the place is once more busy. And indeed and indeed, tell me, gentle townsmen, how would you spend a morning better?

F. DODSWORTH.

## RACING NOTES.

GRREAT and wonderful are the power and the influence of self-advertisement when worked and regulated by the "great American people." Properly manipulated advertisement, even self-advertisement, will impart to anybody or anything, or any number of people, or any given number of commodities, a spurious and artificial value, and an entirely unlooked-for and uncalled-for importance for the time being. After endeavouring without success to cause a mild sensation in the world of racing by his statement that he intended to retire from English racing for ever, upon purely patriotic grounds, Mr. Whitney has reconsidered his decision, and intends to race in England upon a curtailed basis, which means that he will only continue to race with such horses as he has reason to believe are likely to get back their keep and to not only bring him credit, but likewise emolument. In fact, when everything has been said and every aspect of the case has been considered, he has succeeded in bringing off what in England we call a "weeding out" sale, and he has also, very cleverly, I admit, succeeded in lending to that sale a spurious glamour of interest, which may or may not have affected the prices thereof obtained. Clever certainly, but is this "cricket"? Is it the sort of thing that we should have expected from a man of Mr. Whitney's character and of Mr. Whitney's means? And echo, which is always obvious, answers, "It is not." Fortunately for ourselves, the English nation, and more especially that portion which devotes its attention to racing, is not stirred to its inmost depths by rumours, statements, or even definite action on the part of isolated owners; and although some fluttering may have arisen in certain dovescotes, the dovescote, speaking generally, has remained most distressingly tranquil, even when threatened with the immediate absence of Mr. Whitney. If Mr. Whitney did not intend to retire from the English Turf, why did he proclaim his intention of so doing, if not from the housetop, at any rate in all the daily papers, under the heading and through the medium of an authorised interview? It is not, whatever the American contingent may think of it, an international matter, and much of the interest which has been aroused in it has been the result of carefully arranged log-rolling, an art which the Americans certainly do understand. Nobody grudges Mr. Whitney his success on the English Turf, and everybody who has the interests of racing at heart is quite pleased to hear that he contemplates a reappearance; but there was no need for the exercise of so much finesse, and there certainly was no need to exaggerate a partial sale into a retirement, even if the aforesaid sale did not benefit to some extent by the circulation of the rumour. Actions of this kind may be American and may be clever, but it is not quite easy to appreciate them, more especially when to some extent their non-acceptance means the shattering of an idol. In the exuberance of verbosity there lacketh not evil.

Not only is the flat-race season of 1901 a thing of the past, for which may all the saints be praised, and not only is the Manchester Meeting concluded, but the last meeting is over which will ever take place at New Barns, which is on the banks of the Irwell. Disregarding the principle which lays down that no man should speak evil of the dead, as I do not think that the maxim can be applied to race-courses, I do say that if there was to be found in England anywhere a more depressing course, laid out among more depressing surroundings, and set in a frame of more depressing conditions than the course at Manchester, I do not know it. In the matter of accidents its record is most unenviable, in the matter of scandals the page of history has much to say, and the amount of general comfort there to be obtained was infinitesimal. Let us hope that the new course will be much better than the old.

With regard to the Manchester November Handicap itself, in common with many other big races which have been decided during the season, in this race numerous horses ran, all of whom had more or less obvious chances, and in many cases people who are usually credited with being smart in these matters hazarded real sacrifices in support of their convictions. The Manchester November Handicap, if I remember right, is not a race over which the man who backs horses, not as a matter of impulse, has very pleasant recollections; and since the victory of Hermineus in 1898, no favourite, or rather, since in the columns the existence of favourites, as technically understood, is ignored, no fancied horse has won. And this year proved no exception to the rule. The Manchester course is one of dull, dead, galloping tracks, with no give and take, no up hill or down hill, nothing to enliven the race from the point of view of the horse, for he has nothing to do except gallop quickly over ground as level and as uninteresting as an average billiard-table. And what as a rule is the result? The result is, speaking broadly, that any horse with a light weight—mark you, I do not mean any horse who is under-weighted, but any horse who has some pretension on the season's form to comparative excellence—wins. It has happened before, and in all probability it will happen again. In the case of Carabine there was nothing in his previous career which could suggest that he was capable of winning such a race as this, even with the feather-weight of 6st. 9lb. As far as his previous career was concerned, he had won two or three races of little or no importance, and the only race of any consequence in which he ran was the Great Ebor Handicap, and the running which he exhibited in this race was bad, even to the verge of ignominy. And yet he beat Black Sand, at a difference of 1st. 10lb. Black Sand, upon whom have been placed many,



many hopes during the season, and over whom have been spent much despair and many tears. The old Herminius, "a light of old days," could do nothing even with the feather-weight of 6st. 7lb., and there is something almost pathetic about the good old horse being dragged out again. In the matter of San Toi, I think that Mr. George Edwardes has fallen into the same indiscretion into which Mr. "Kincid" tumbled, which means that he has assimilated the tendency and the inclination to ride the willing horse to death, or, if this statement seems too strong, that he over-estimated the capacity of the willing horse. This is not the place in which to discuss the chances of various animals upon a financial basis, but, to use a vulgar expression, "the money speaks." And in this case the money did not only not speak audibly, but it maintained an absolute and impenetrable silence. I can quite understand that Mr. Edwardes may have thought that San Toi had some real tangible chance of success, and in this opinion he had doubtless many supporters, but surely when a horse has done what San Toi has done this season, it is unnecessary and unkind to ask him to try again upon a fruitless errand. It is interesting to note that King's Courier, so recently flushed with victory, was amongst the number of those who have "done the course," and among the vanquished we also find Mannlicher (greatly fancied), Osbech (the elusive), Semper Vigilans, and Wargrave, who, once upon a time, as the children say, was a good outside chance for the Derby of 1900. The enjoyment of the spectators was greatly marred owing to the fact that the fog was, to say the least of it, opaque, but, as I pointed out last week, our English jockeys, and, for the matter of that, to be absolutely fair, some of the American jockeys also, have proved during the last week or two that they take little or no advantage of the fog. And this fact doubly demonstrated counteracts the depression which the fog of itself does of necessity produce in mortal man.

Everything, including success, comes to the man who perseveres, and one of the most satisfactory features of a very satisfactory season is the position of Sir Blundell Maple in the list of winning owners. We have no owner on the English Turf who has played the game better according to the rules than Sir Blundell Maple, but in many cases his receipts have not been in any way commensurate with his outlay. Whether Sir Blundell Maple has headed the list of winning owners before is a thing which I cannot remember at the moment, but, at any rate, he has succeeded this year, and the amount which he has realised is £20,894, and not on his heels we find Mr. Whitney with £19,820 10s., and Mr. "Kincid" is not so far behind with £18,953. But in his case the conditions under which the success has been attained are somewhat different, for with the exception of the comparatively trifling sum of £636, Epsom Lad has been responsible for the whole amount. Mr. Leopold de Rothschild has not done really well, when his immense expenditure is considered, but the sum of £12,953 should, at any rate, indemnify him against actual loss on the year. Mr. Sievier, I am afraid, will not be well pleased with his £11,213 10s., when he remembers how bright his prospects appeared during the early part of the season; but the Duke of Portland, on the contrary, has no call for complaint with £10,944 1s.

Congratulations to O. Madden, who heads the list of winning jockeys with 130 winning mounts out of a possible 778, and commiseration and sympathy of the largest kind for S. Loates, whose frequent misfortunes put him out of the running to some extent, although he does not show up so badly with 84 wins. Among the Americans Maher comes in first with 94 winning rides out of 418 mounts, and close behind him we find little "Johnny" Reiff with 89. Among the gentlemen riders Mr. Randall stands out by himself, both in the matter of mounts and in the matter of wins, with 67 out of 321, although Mr. G. Thursby shows a splendid average with 13 successes in 42 mounts. BUCEPHALUS.



#### CURIOUS CAPTURE OF A KESTREL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—This sounds like a fish or dog tale, but it is a true story. The other morning about eight o'clock, while I was cycling down a lane between Thonhill and Maplecross, a cloud of small birds came over the hedge on my right, passing all round me. At the same moment a kestrel swooped at them, not seeing me until he was quite close to my brown cap, when he screamed and tried to turn. I put up my hand to screen my face, and either I caught him, or he me, for his talons were firmly fixed in my woollen gloves. The station-master and several regular passengers were present when I rode in with my capture to Rickmansworth Station, and assisted my awkward efforts to brace him, during which, with tooth and nail, he took toll of several fingers. I fear he is too old to learn manners.—HENRY J. FORD.

#### AN APPEAL BY THE KYRLE SOCIETY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—For some years past the Kyrle Society has been able, through the generosity of friends, to make grants of bulbs to various institutions and persons. These grants have been much appreciated by the recipients, and have given the greatest pleasure. The society is consequently anxious to increase this branch of its work, which unless substantial help is given must be seriously curtailed, and trusts you will kindly permit it through your columns to appeal for bulbs, or money to buy them. All contributions should be sent to the Kyrle Society, 2, Manchester Street, Manchester Square, London, W.—MONKSWELL.

#### WALLFLOWER ROOTS CLUBBED.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should be much obliged if you would kindly tell me what is the matter with my wallflower roots. They are, I think, what people call "clubbed," and I am somewhat troubled about the matter. Will you kindly advise me?—C. A.

[The wallflower plant that you sent was attacked by the clubroot or finger and toe fungus (*Plasmodiophora brassicae*). Though it more commonly infests cabbages and turnips, wallflowers and all other cruciferous plants are liable to be infected by it. This is a very tiresome pest to get into a garden, as soil on which plants suffering from this disease have grown cannot be considered free

from it for at least two years, unless very thoroughly dressed with gas-lime. This fungus will not attack plants belonging to other natural orders, so that infested ground can be used for the cultivation of other kinds of plants, but it should always be remembered that it is very easy for gardeners to carry the spores which are in the ground from one part of the garden to another on their tools or boots. The history of this fungus is a very curious one. When the diseased root begins to decay a countless number of spores are liberated. These burst, and a little jelly-like mass exudes from each. This little mass is able to work its way among the particles of the soil, and when it comes in contact with the root-hairs on a cruciferous plant it passes through them into the root of the plant, and causes the cells into which it enters to increase considerably in size, and in this way the root becomes distorted. After a time these enlarged cells become filled with the spores of the fungus, which, when the root decays, pass into the soil. Every particle of the roots of an infested crop should be collected and burnt. To throw the diseased roots on a rubbish heap is worse than useless, as the spores will not be killed by doing so, and there is every chance of their being distributed over non-infested soil, if the contents of the heap are used as a dressing, as they often are.—ED.]

#### PROBLEMS OF SALMON LIFE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—An interesting article on the above subject appeared in COUNTRY LIFE on October 12th, and the writer in your issue of the 16th inst. has very courteously criticised some remarks of mine you did me the honour to publish that called in question the statement advanced in the article that there are no grilse in the Hampshire Avon. The better to explain my meaning, and not having any dictionary of authority at hand to refer to, I defined grilse as a fish of the salmon race soon to spawn or which has lately spawned for the first time. The writer of the article agrees that under that definition, as salmon return to their natal rivers, the conclusion is perfectly logical and inevitable that grilse must enter the Avon, as there are salmon there. He continues that many whose opinions are well worth having, hold the view "that *Salmo salar* sometimes, though unusually, passes all its grilsehood in the sea and spawns for the first time as a salmon," and he asks how I have arrived at the certainty that all salmon have already spawned as grilse. There is no such certainty, and my definition that grilse are the salmon fish of the first spawning does not exclude the sometime, though unusual, exception, if such there be, that might be found in a fish of shape and form and age that would justify its classification as a salmon spawning for a supposed first time. Such exceptions, however, if they exist, can scarcely be depended on to make the Avon an abnormal river—the singular one which no grilse enters—and I would ask the writer of the article to tell us how to distinguish such a salmon of the first spawning from a grilse, and if the fishermen he consults tell him this is a grilse, that a salmon, I would ask him to ask them how they know that the fish they point out as a salmon is not in its second season of spawning.—F. E.

#### COARSE FISH FOR A POND.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have a pond in my grounds about 50yds. by 40yds. in area, which I am desirous of stocking with coarse fish. Having no stream through, I assume that trout will not do. The greatest depth is 5ft. to 6ft., shallowing to nothing at the edges, and the bottom is clay, with but little vegetation, and plenty of soft mud. The supply of water is fairly maintained by the field drains, and there is an outlet, so the water is tolerably clear. Can any of your correspondents, with experience of these matters—or your "fishing" Editor might do—enlighten me on the following points: What sort of fish to employ? How many would thrive in this space—about half an acre? Would they perish in a long frost? What weed should be encouraged at bottom and sides of pond? Will the presence of five or six ducks militate against success? What is the time to stock? I am advised to dredge in places and deposit gravel. What sort of tackle is required to do this, and can it be hired? I also hope to plant the sides with Japanese irises, in the manner advocated in your paper a little while back, but do not know where to buy the bulbs or tubers. I fear to ask you any more, and if part only of my enquiries are answered the favour will be highly appreciated by—JACK PYKE.

[You can stock such a pond as you describe with any of the more vegetable-feeding fish, such as carp, tench, or bream. The flesh feeders, such as pike and perch, would not do until there was a stock of the others, though a few perch might exist on molluscs and worms, if there were any of them to prey on. As for the numbers that your water could carry, this is a question that it is not possible to answer, for the number of fish which can thrive in a certain extent of water depends almost wholly on the amount of fish that it carries—the more fish you have the less size will the individuals attain. Try 200. The ducks will not hurt them. Far fewer would soon stock it; they are very prolific. Food, in the case of such fish as your pond is suited to, means aquatic plants and the larvae and worms that live in them, and as far as we can discover it does not much matter what kind of plants they are. This being so, you may as well have kinds that are beautiful, such as the flags, water irises, and water lilies. But the easiest way to get a good supply of various vegetation would be to cart some over from the nearest pond that is well stocked. Your pond is rather shallow, and for that reason it might be well to dredge it; but apart from that, these coarse fish get on quite well without gravel. The dredger you might be able to hire from the management of the nearest canal. You will do well to get your water lilies, etc., established before the fish are put in, and in any case you must be prepared to find them grubbing away at the roots in a manner that does them no good; but they will survive. Avoid getting duckweed into the pond if possible, and do not take any of the stock of vegetation from a pond that has any. The frost will not hurt the fish. Until there is sufficient vegetation for them you can always hand-feed them on any vegetable stuff or scraps of any kind; but it is always better to get the weeds, etc., established before putting in many fish. Gold fish, which are a kind of carp, would do well in your pond. The carp family is the least carnivorous of the fish kind.—ED.]

#### STOCKING A RIVER WITH TROUT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Would you be good enough to furnish me with some information through the columns of your paper about putting down trout in a stream. I have on my farm a stream which has its supply from several small springs rising in the bed, and never runs deep. After heavy rainfalls in the winter I get a flush of water from the highest levels, but in summer the bed of the river is dry above my farm. I am thinking of damming up the river and putting in trout. At present there is a thick growth of underbush along the banks. I presume this

should be cut away. The length of the stream on my land is about one-third of a mile, about 10ft. wide on an average, and anything from 1ft. to 2ft. 6in. in depth. Would you also be good enough to advise me what kind of trout to put down, and what would be the value of the letting of it as a trout stream. Very excellent trout could be caught in this stream a few years ago. Can you give me any information about the "new trout" from America written of in the *Daily Telegraph* of August 20th, 1901, and its merits for my purpose in comparison with the English trout, and names of any good reliable merchants? What precaution could I take to keep the trout in my part of the stream? Any information you would be kind enough to give me will be very much valued by a constant reader.—H. S. C.

[The best kind of trout to put into a stream of the kind described is, without doubt, the common brown trout (Fario). The "new trout from America," to which you refer, are almost certainly the rainbow trout (Irideus) from the great lakes. This is a very good fish for turning in, but only where there is a good depth of water. It is a game fish, growing fast, and rising well to fly. Also it is very good eating. Under certain circumstances it is the best of all kinds for turning in, but they are not the circumstances described by you. The fact that trout have been in your water, but have virtually died out (as we gather to be the case), would seem to indicate a probable shortness in the food supply. If the food supply is deficient the trout never will do well. We should rather advise you to send specimens of the weed that is in your stream to some trout hatchery where they sell trout and all that pertains to their sustenance. They will then tell you with what sort of weed you should supplement your native supply, and will send you roots of it. After that it might be well to turn into the stream some carboys of larvae of fresh-water shrimps and molluscs, with which also such a hatchery would supply you. It cannot be understood too clearly that good feeding is essential to good and well-sized fish. As for clearing the undergrowth from the sides of the stream, this should be done with all discrimination. Probably the more undergrowth you have the better it will be for the trout; but you must clear away enough to give a fair chance of catching fish with the fly. By preference spare any alders, on which the larvae of the alder fly—a valuable food for the fish—feed. You ask what rent you could charge for one-third of a mile of such fishing. All depends on what you make of the fishing and on the demand for fishing in your neighbourhood. The accessibility from any large town would be a factor in determining the demand. Possibly it might be made, by judicious treatment, worth some £20 a year; but it is impossible to speak with any accuracy on this point without knowing the water and the neighbourhood. If you want to get a return for your money quickly, you should buy two year old fish; but yearlings are cheaper, and perhaps acclimatise themselves better. Fry are cheaper again, but in most waters they do not do so well as yearlings, although in some places they seem to have answered better than any larger size. Your remark as to the flush of water that comes through your stream in winter indicates an alternative possible reason for the dying out of the trout to that of the scarcity of food. It may be that the water washes down too strongly over the gravel on which the fish spawn and takes the ova away. It might be worth while to pay attention to this, and perhaps to reduce the gradient of some of the gravel-beds. As to keeping the trout in your part of the stream, brown trout ought not to be very likely to wander; but you can always put a wire netting or a fine grating across the river at the bottom of your water, such as will, at all events, intercept two year olds. It requires attention from time to time, especially in floodtime and in autumn, when the leaves come down. If you make your proposed dam, it will be enough to let the water through by a gate, which you can guard with a comparatively small grating. Do not put any obstacle on the top end of your water, for this would prevent the fish going up to the small streams, where probably they spawn. We think you will obtain all the information and all the supplies of weed, larvae, and fish that you want from the Itchen River Trout Breeding Establishment, Chilland, near Winchester, Hants.—ED.]

#### DESTRUCTION OF PHEASANTS BY WEASELS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE,"]

SIR,—I think there should be a reward given in game-preserving districts for every weasel killed. People do not know how frightfully game suffers from these bloodthirsty little brutes. It is the young that are killed, not grown-up birds, mainly, and as the weasel kills for killing's sake, there is no limit to the mischief done. Here are some recent instances. I had, with a friend with whose shooting my own joined, about 120 young pheasants three weeks old in a long narrow meadow. After the hay was cut these were raided by some unknown foe, and seventy were killed in a few days. The rest were moved into a kind of garden close to the cottage, where it was said that four weasels were seen hunting them, and some were shot. The weasels were never seen killing the others, but as the birds were found dragged into holes all about (rat holes, mole holes, etc.), it seemed probably the work of weasels; I believe most were killed in three days. Discussing this with a very intelligent keeper the other day, I noted down the following: He put this year some coops with sixteen birds in each near a tree. One day he missed three birds, one of which he found dragged partly into a mole hole. Guessing that the killer was a weasel, he set six mole traps and four small gins. A man was also left on guard by the coops, which were surrounded with tallish grass. Not in the least daunted, the weasel proceeded to "snipe" the young pheasants, appearing instantaneously from vole runs in the grass, mole holes, mouse holes, and other cover, and though losing heavily themselves, succeeded in killing thirty-five pheasants before they were either all caught or driven away. Six of the weasels were caught, four in the mole traps and two in gins. The little wretches would seize a young bird, and hardly let it go when shot at or chased. They were too quick for the gun in the

long grass. In another part of the park a hen was seen pecking at and hustling something in a corner of the coop. It was a young pheasant which had, apparently, put its head down a small hole to avoid the hen's attack. As hens sometimes do injure pheasants from other broods, the coop was drawn on, with the hen in it, and the keeper picked up the pheasant. Something was pulling at the other end! It let go, and the pheasant was drawn out, its head badly scalped. A weasel followed, and tried to seize it again in the man's hand. He set a trap, and in three minutes caught the weasel. The bird recovered (though it had no feathers on the top of its head), and was shot on October 8th.—C. J. CORNISH, F.Z.S.

#### INDIAN CATTLE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE,"]

SIR,—I have read Mr. Barton's letter about introducing the small cattle of India into England, and having lived in Northern India for thirty years, I feel qualified to reply to it. The small cattle he speaks of are only domesticated in Southern India and Bengal, and are very delicate, and though we used to house them for fattening in our "beef clubs," they had to be very warmly housed and clad in Northern India, and would never stand our English winter.—G. B. DAVIES.

#### CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE,"]

SIR,—That such an association as the one mentioned by your correspondent the other week should be in existence is a reflection—not undeserved—on the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, whose duty it is to put down all cases of cruelty. And yet this powerful society permits the most apparent and prevalent example of needless cruelty to go on unchecked daily. If, as it contends, prosecutions will legally fail unless proof of sores and bleeding of the mouth can be produced, then the sooner it agitates to get the law amended the better. The too frequent abuse of the bearing-rein, especially in the West End of London, is a matter that calls for a speedy termination. From the correspondence in many papers during the past year, I am convinced a very large number of people feel most strongly on the matter. I am glad to see *COUNTRY LIFE* ventilate the subject.—HANDLEY CROSS.

#### QUIET TO RIDE AND DRIVE.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I send you a photograph you may like to reproduce of a horse bought as quiet to ride and drive.—A. H. H.

#### FOG, FROST, AND SUN.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Twice in the course of the November fogs I have noticed a curious effect of the common natural causes which I think may be of some interest to readers of *COUNTRY LIFE*. The fog was thick and damp, the night had been frosty, the morning was very raw. About ten o'clock the sun very suddenly got the better of the fog, and its first appearance attracted me into the garden, where I was surprised to hear a sound, as of very heavy rain pattering through the oak trees. I went nearer, and there was no doubt of it. The frozen fog on the leaves, becoming suddenly thawed, was dripping down like pelting rain, accompanied, although it was quite still, with a fall of leaves released from the restraint of the frost. Of course, the explanation is very obvious, but the effect, I think, is rather rare, depending on fog and frost overnight and a very sudden inpouring of the sun through the fog. If the fog be dispelled only gradually, then, of course, the moisture thaws down less plentifully and quickly, and the effect is not produced.—SOUTH SAXON.

#### PHEASANTS EATING PLANTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE,"]

SIR,—Regularly every year, as soon as the bulbs and young plants are planted out for the spring garden, the pheasants come and eat up the former and peck away the hearts of the latter, and I have so far been unable to find out any efficacious means of preventing them. I should be greatly obliged if you or any of your correspondents or readers could give me advice as to the best measures to take.—H. H.

#### STANDARD PEAR TREES FOR CALCAREOUS SOIL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE,"]

SIR,—Would you be good enough to give me a description of the best pear trees (standards) suitable for a calcareous soil?—S. S. BERGER.

[Your soil should suit fruit trees well, and, as the soil is calcareous, many kinds should thrive that are failures in badly drained land. On the other hand, you must carefully prepare the same before planting. You do not ask our advice on the planting, so that it may not be needed; but we would point out the importance of planting in the autumn. In such soils we much prefer autumn planting. Another point is to trench or double dig the soil before planting. Many failures occur because the trees are placed in holes just large enough to hold the plants at the start, forcing the new root-growth deep down instead of allowing it to spread out. The result is starved trees and few fruits. You do not say what aspect the trees will face. Bear in mind the value of shelter early in the season when in bloom, and it is well to have some protection, if possible, from rough winds. You can choose from Jargonelle, Williams' Bon Chrétien, Conference, Fondante d'Automne, Murie Louise, Thompson's, Emile d'Heyst, Louise Bonne of Jersey, Pitmaston Duchess (the last two as dwarf standards), Knight's Monarch, and Winter Orange. Most of the stewing pears may be grown, of which Catillac and Uvedale's St. Germain are the two best.—ED.]

